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THE SPHERE

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Volume CCXLII No. 3141

THE SPHERE

LONDON, August 13, 1960

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CONGO'S SEPARATIST LEADER

Mr. Tshombe, the self-styled "President" of Katanga, addresses a Press conference in Elisabethville, the capital of the "breakaway" Congolese Province. Shortly before the Security Council meeting in New York early this week, Mr. Tshombe issued a "solemn appeal to the world's conscience" to respect his claim for the right of self-determination for Katanga. The Security Council had been urgently summoned at the request of Mr. Hammarskjöld to consider the next steps to be taken after Mr. Tshombe's threats to resist the entry of U.N. troops into Katanga. The U.N. Secretary-General flew back from Leopoldville to attend the meeting. It was hoped that a solution for a highly confused and dangerous situation might be found by which an international force could enter Katanga without prejudice to its struggle for autonomy, and the future of Congo agreed, without interference, on a Federal basis

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A paddle tug amidships churns the water to foam in an effort to move the *Vanguard*, Britain's biggest and last battleship. The 44,500-ton ship, despite the efforts of five tugs, veered over to the Portsmouth shore, her bows finally grounding in 20 ft. of water within 10 yards of the Customs House hailing point at Old Sally Port. The jetty was crowded with sightseers who had come to see *Vanguard* leave Portsmouth on her last voyage on her way to Gareloch, where she will remain until she is broken up for scrap. The battleship, making a last protest against her end, was aground for nearly an hour. As attempts were made to release her, the ferry services from the harbour were brought to a standstill. The efforts of the tugs took on an additional urgency as the tide began to ebb. Two of the ocean-going tugs, waiting outside the harbour to take *Vanguard* north, came in to help, and, in a sea of foam, the battleship was afloat again. She will yield about 35,000 tons of scrap

ON HER LAST VOYAGE, TO THE BREAKERS, *VANGUARD* GOES AGROUND AT PORTSMOUTH

Complete agreement on a constitution for Nyasaland was reached at the conference in London last week. Mr. Macleod paid tribute to Mr. Dixon, leader of the United Federal Party, and to Dr. Banda for the constructive attitude they had taken during the meetings. The constitution gives Africans a big majority in the new Parliament

MR. DIXON, MR. MACLEOD AND DR. BANDA

Far right: Dato Abdul Aziz (standing), Mr. Tan Siew Sin (sitting, left), the Malayan Minister of Finance, and Dato Abdul Razak bin Hussein, the Deputy Premier, watch Tunku Abdul Rahman Putra, the Prime Minister, sign the proclamation repealing the 12-year Emergency in Malaya (see also page 231)

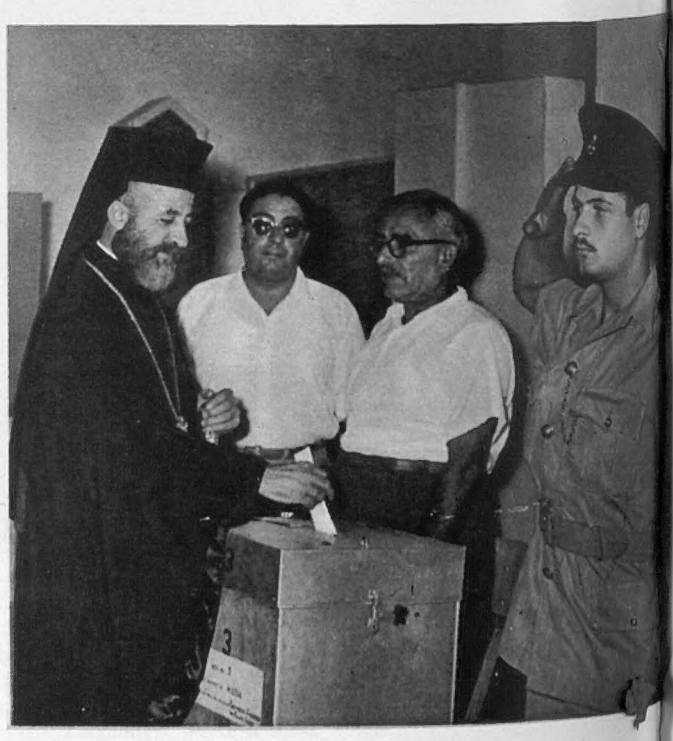
THE END OF THE MALAYAN EMERGENCY

At Eleusis Airport, King Paul of Greece shakes hands with Colonel D. Arpouzis, Commanding Officer of the Greek regiment which is to be sent to Cyprus after the island has become independent on August 16. The King had just handed the regiment its colours. Under the London Agreement of February last year Turkey and Britain will also have troops stationed in independent Cyprus

GREEK TROOPS FOR CYPRUS

Far right:

In the elections for the Cyprus House of Representatives, the Patriotic Front supporting Archbishop Makarios, and the Turkish Nationalists supporters of Dr. Kutchuk, swept the polls. No independent candidates were returned and the only other members in the new Parliament are five Communists, who stood under an arrangement reached with the Greek Patriotic Front



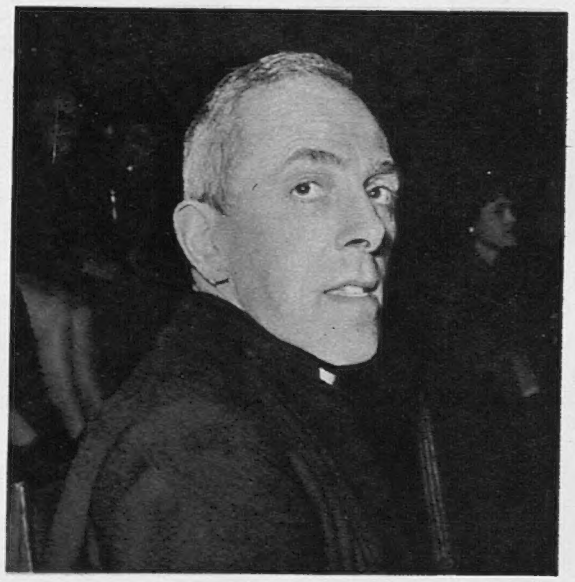
ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS RECORDS HIS VOTE

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

During the Royal Thames Yacht Club's Regatta at Cowes, R. T. Paget's *Naseby* (1177), and another competitor, nearly had a collision with a canoe. The incident occurred in the Morson Challenge Cup race, which was for cruising yachts of 25 ft.- 32 ft. R.O.R.C. rating. Cowes week was again a Royal event this year, with the Duke of Edinburgh sailing there. (With him was his sailing adviser, Uffa Fox. Pictures of them in *Coweslip* are on page 239.) Among the most interesting races were those for 12-metre yachts, in which *Sceptre* (E. A. Maxwell), the unsuccessful challenger for the America's Cup in 1958, competed. *Sceptre* and *Flica II* (J. A. G. Boyden) were great rivals in the 12-metre class. After the racing on Thursday of last week, by which time *Sceptre* had won three races and *Flica II* two, it seemed likely that they would be the two yachts chosen to compete in a match for a cup which was presented to the Royal Thames Yacht Club by Queen Victoria in 1868

AN AWKWARD MOMENT IN THE RACING AT COWES

Father Trevor Huddleston, Prior of the London House of the Community of the Resurrection, was elected Bishop of Masasi in Tanganyika, last week. He spent from 1943 to 1956 working in South Africa, where he was one of the most outspoken critics of *apartheid*. Father Huddleston will be consecrated in Masasi on October 18 by the Most Rev. L. J. Beecher, who last week was enthroned by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Archbishop of the new Anglican Province of East Africa. The enthronement took place in St. Alban's Collegiate Church in Dar-es-Salaam during a service in which Dr. Fisher also inaugurated the Province. Archbishop Beecher accompanied Dr. Fisher during his recent tour of East Africa

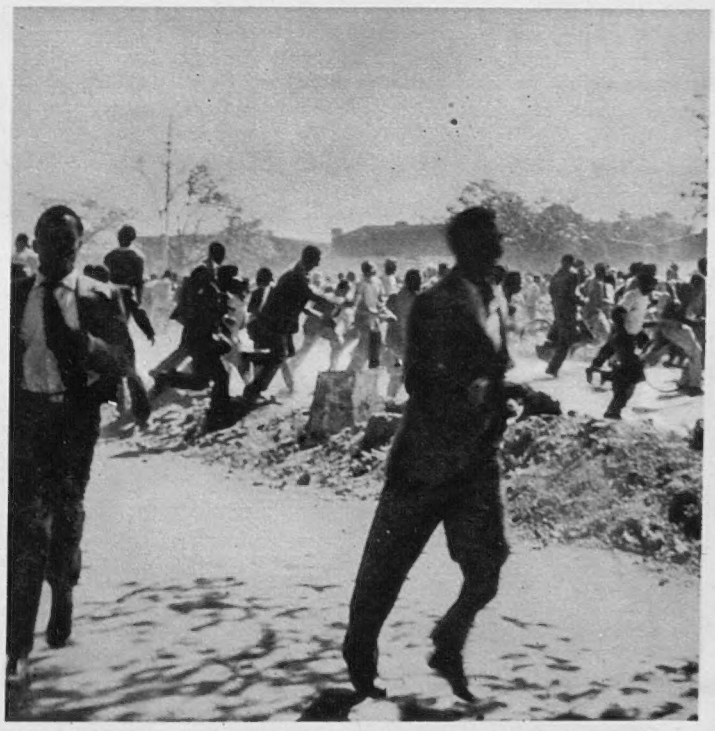


THE BISHOP-ELECT OF MASASI, TANGANYIKA

DR. FISHER AND ARCHBISHOP BEECHER AT FORT HALL, KENYA

In Bulawayo, Africans scatter after police fired tear gas bombs to disperse a demonstration. Following the rioting, Bulawayo appeared to settle down, but there was much uneasiness among Europeans that the disturbances were a prelude to a long period of unrest. Poor housing and widespread unemployment were given as reasons for the rioting and a "crash programme" on African housing is to be undertaken

Far right: A runaway tram, carrying factory workers, many of them women, crashed into another tram at a crossroads in Vienna. Austrian police said that it was the worst collision in the city's history. Eighteen people were reported killed and a hundred injured. According to a police statement the brakes of the runaway tram had failed



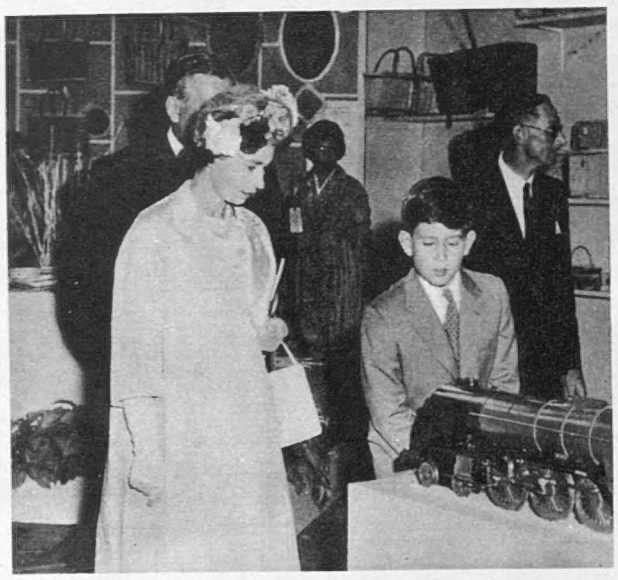
A DISTURBED SITUATION IN S. RHODESIA

TRAM COLLISION IN VIENNA

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh walk in procession down the nave at the end of the service in Llandaff Cathedral. Towering over them is the arch bearing Epstein's "Majestas." On the second day of the Royal visit to Wales, the Queen and Prince Philip attended a special service of thanksgiving in the cathedral to mark its restoration from the bomb damage suffered in a 1941 air raid. Thousands of people gathered in Cardiff, the day before, to welcome the Queen to Wales as she arrived by rail. (She last visited the Principality during her Coronation tour.) The Queen was joined by the Duke of Edinburgh who had arrived at Cardiff docks in *Britannia* from Cowes. They drove to the Royal National Eisteddfod Pavilion, where the Duke of Edinburgh was invested under the bardic title "Philip Meirionydd," Honorary Ovate of the Gorsedd of Bards of Wales. Queen Elizabeth received the honour during her Coronation tour. Since the Eisteddfod Chair of 1960 had been withheld because the poems submitted had failed to reach the required standard, the Queen herself occupied the chair. The whole visit to Cardiff was one of brilliant pageantry and great enthusiasm. Later, the Queen and the Duke attended a garden party given by Mr. Henry Brooke, Minister for Welsh Affairs, at Dyffryn House. On the second day, history was made when the Queen and Prince Philip, the Prince of Wales, Princess Anne, Princess Alexandra and Prince Michael, paid an informal visit to the Eistedfodd last Saturday. It was the first time so many members of the Royal Family had been present at the festival, and the first time that the Prince of Wales had visited his Principality. He and Princess Anne had reached Cardiff only a short time before the informal visit to the Eisteddfod. At the end of the two-day stay, the Royal Family left in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* for Shetland

ROYAL VISIT TO WALES—THE SERVICE IN LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL

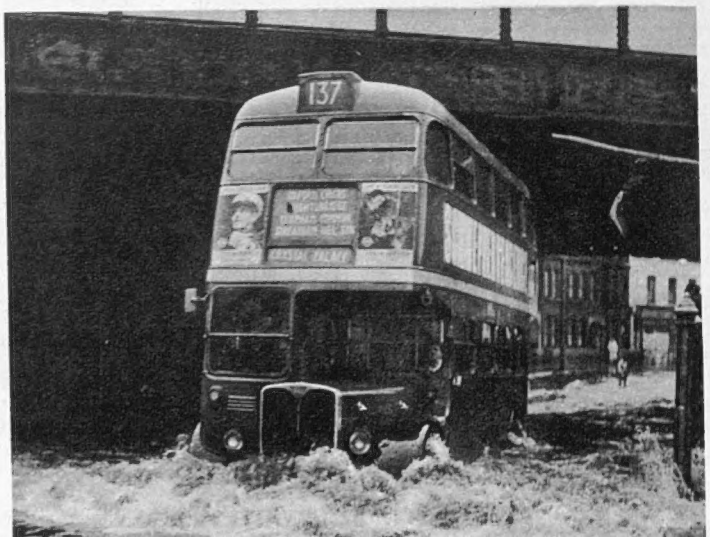


THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE EISTEDDFOD

PRINCE PHILIP AND THE ARCH-DRUID OF WALES

FLOOD AND DROUGHT

A London bus ploughs through the floodwater covering Queenstown Road, Battersea, following severe thunderstorms last Sunday. In west London at Olympia, 2.04 ins. of rain were measured in two hours. Many of the roads into London, heavily congested with returning week-end traffic, were blocked by floods. A number of underground services were held up, thousands of telephones put out of action, and hundreds of basements flooded. The storms spread to many other parts of England. By contrast, in the first week of August, Tokyo was suffering from a severe drought. *Far right:* Rowing boats lie idle on the baked mud bottom of the dried-up lake in Ueno Park



NEWS SUMMARY

Anglo-German talks in Bonn; China's rule condemned in Tibet; Cuba nationalises United States property; a new speed record

INTERNATIONAL

The Security Council and Congo occupied the main attention at the beginning of the week. Meanwhile there were other international moves to be recorded.

Mr. Khrushchev proposed that the heads of government of all the eighty-two member-states of the United Nations should meet in special session of the General Assembly next month to discuss disarmament. This countered the American suggestion that, following the failure of the Ten-Power Geneva conference, the U.N. disarmament Commission should be summoned again. The Commission consists of all members of U.N., but was boycotted by Russia when it first assembled two years ago. The new Soviet proposal was not likely to be acceptable to the West, especially in view of Mr. Khrushchev's reply last week to Mr. Macmillan's "I frankly do not understand your attitude" letter. In his communication, the Soviet Prime Minister denounced British and Western policy.

Mr. Macmillan and Dr. Adenauer were to meet in **Bonn** on Wednesday and Thursday this week. Their talks would come a fortnight after the De Gaulle-Adenauer meeting—in **Rambouillet.** Agenda at Bonn was expected to include: Consideration of the possibility of a renewed Soviet threat to Berlin next month (this is being widely anticipated in West Germany); and discussion on means by which Britain can come into closer association with the Six of the Common Market. This presents difficulties owing to Britain's membership of the Seven of the European Free Trade Association and also because of her position in the Commonwealth.

At a reception in **Pekin** Mr. Chou En-lai advocated the formation of a nuclear-free zone in the Pacific. The Chinese Prime Minister said the United States should be invited to join. Reaction in **Washington** was reported to be cool.

In **Geneva** the report of the International Commission of Jurists on the position of China in Tibet condemned Chinese rule there. Members of the Commission were lawyers from India, Ceylon, Ghana, Malaya, Norway, the Philippines and Thailand.

CUBA

In **Havana,** in the middle of his convalescence following an attack of pneumonia, Dr. Castro, the Cuban Premier, decreed the nationalisation of the American-owned Cuban Electric Company, the Cuban telephone company, three petroleum companies, and thirty-six sugar mills. The Shell refinery, operated by the Government, was not included. A spokesman of the American Embassy in Havana said that the expropriated property was worth about £267,000,000. During his speech to a 50,000 crowd in the Havana baseball stadium and to a nation-wide television audience, Dr. Castro said that the nationalisation was in compensation for the damage done to Cuba by the U.S. in cutting the sugar quota and "other aggressions." The expropriations would be compensated by issuing fifty-year bonds bearing a 2 per cent. interest. Last week, the Cuban Bank announced that China would buy 350,000 tons of sugar at 3·25 cents a pound. (Until President Eisenhower cut the Cuban sugar quota by 700,000 tons, the U.S. was buying about 3,000,000 tons a year at a subsidised price of 6.55 cents a pound.)

The United States accused Cuba of economic aggression, military interference in neighbouring countries, and increasing international tension by subservience to Chinese and Soviet communism. The charges were made in a memorandum to the Peace-Committee of the twenty-one nation Organisation of American States. The Council was to meet this week in **Washington** to settle the agenda for a meeting of O.A.S. Foreign Ministers, this month in San José, Costa Rica. The American memorandum alleged that Cuba was officially involved in the invasion of the Dominican Republic in June 1959.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Air Ministry has announced the cancellation of an unspecified number of the Handley Page Victor Mark 2 jet bombers now on order for the Royal Air Force. It was stated the cut had been made "after an examination of the numbers required to maintain the strategic deterrent following the equipment of the V-bomber force with stand-off weapons." The stand-off weapons are the rocket-powered missiles Blue Steel (to come into service next year) and Skybolt (in service in the mid-sixties). The three V's—Vulcan, Valiant and Victor—are at present equipped to drop nuclear bombs. Britain's defences are also armed with medium-range Thor ballistic missiles.

In Leopoldville Mr. Hammarskjöld is escorted by Major Crabbe, of the Ghanaian contingent of the U.N. Force. They are passing guards from the Swedish contingent

Three-year leases made under the Rent Act of 1957 are due for renewal in October this year. Before Parliament rose for the summer recess, several members raised alleged cases of unduly high increases in rents. Some London boroughs are understood to be considering taking steps to protect tenants who may suffer hardship from excessive increases.

THE SOVIET UNION

Preparations were reported to be going ahead in Moscow for the trial of Captain Francis Powers, the pilot of the U.2 aircraft brought down over Russia. It is understood that court proceedings will begin on August 17.

Foreign observers in Russia have recently been suggesting that one of the reasons why Mr. Khrushchev has been laying so much stress on the U.2 incident—and the later RB-47 affair—is to distract his people's attention from domestic problems, notably bad housing conditions and the low standard of living.

THE UNITED STATES

At **Edwards Air Force Base** in California, an American rocket aircraft achieved the fastest flight on record for a manned aeroplane. Piloted by Joe Walker, the test pilot of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, an X-15 research craft flew over the Californian desert at a speed of 2,150 m.p.h. It was dropped from the wing of its mother aircraft at 45,000 feet and in four minutes reached the record speed, and a height of 78,000 ft. The X-15, which has been tested for some months, is designed to take a human being up to a hundred miles, near the limit of the earth's atmosphere, and to fly at a speed of 3,600 m.p.h. (The previous highest speed achieved unofficially was 2,094 m.p.h. in 1956. This was reached by a X-2 research aircraft which crashed, killing its pilot, at the end of its flight.)

ITALY

In **Rome,** the Chamber of Deputies gave Signor Fanfani's new Government one of the biggest investiture votes in recent years. The voting was 310 in favour, 156 against, and 96 abstentions. Only the Communists and Fascists voted against, and the Socialists and Monarchists abstained. (It was the first time since 1945 that the Socialists had taken an independent line from the Communists.) Signor Fanfani was recalled to power to solve the emergency following the rioting in July, and to provide a government during the Olympic Games. His majority rests on an agreement reached between the four centre parties—Christian Democrats, Liberals, Republicans and Social Democrats. The Cabinet consists of Christian Democrat members, including three former premiers besides Signor Fanfani.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

It was announced from **Ciudad Trujillo** that General Hector Trujillo had resigned as President of the Republic for reasons of ill health and that he had been succeeded by the Vice-President Dr. Joaquin Balaguer. But control of the republic remained in the hands of Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, the ex-president's brother, and strong man of the country for many years. Recently he resigned from the leadership of the republic's sole party and ordered opposition parties to come into being so that they could stand in elections in two years' time. The Dominican Republic lies to the west of Cuba, sharing a large island with Haiti. Dr. Castro's Cuba and the Dominican Republic have been on bad terms for some time. There have been repeated allegations of interference in each other's affairs.

IN BRIEF

According to reports from **Ankara** some 2,250 officers in the Turkish forces, from generals and admirals down to majors, are being retired. A special law allows them to "volunteer" for retirement. . . . In **Paris** last week the Government was understood to be planning changes in the Press laws. It was believed it might be made an offence to publish news in error. . . . The Yang di-Pertuan Agong or Head of State of Malaya was taken to hospital in **Kuala Lumpur** early this week suffering from a fever. His duties have been taken over temporarily by the Deputy Head of State.

With the Queen Mother at Clarence House are the Prince of Wales, Princess Anne and Prince Andrew. They were visiting their grandmother on her sixtieth birthday

A ROYAL DAY

Princess Anne, who will celebrate her tenth birthday on Monday, August 15, offers a flower to the baby Prince who will be six months old on August 19. The Royal children drove from Buckingham Palace on the morning of the Queen Mother's birthday and stayed with their grandmother at Clarence House for about half an hour. Later, they travelled with the Queen to Kensington Palace to join the family luncheon party given by Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones. On the following day the Queen Mother left London to start her holiday at the Castle of Mey, her home in Caithness

All smiles in the garden of Clarence House in London, as the Queen Mother and Prince Andrew face the camera for the birthday pictures

JOHN CONNELL

THE TWO PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

Early in August 1948 an editor of *Time* magazine, named Whittaker Chambers, received a subpœna ordering him to testify before the U.S. Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities. Henry Luce, his editor-in-chief, assured him that to testify was his simple patriotic duty. Chambers went to Washington on the night before he was due to appear in front of the Committee. He stayed with *Time's* chief representative in the capital, Frank McNaughton. " There's one man on the Committee who asks shrewd questions," said McNaughton, " Richard Nixon of California."

Those shrewd questions were the dramatic opening to the Alger Hiss case, which first made Richard Nixon of California a figure of national importance in the United States. He asked them of witness after witness, including Hiss himself. He marshalled them with skill; he put them with quiet, taut courtesy. He was a first-rate cross-examiner. In 1948 he was thirty-five years old; he had travelled, already, a long way from his humble beginnings, and he was to go a great deal farther.

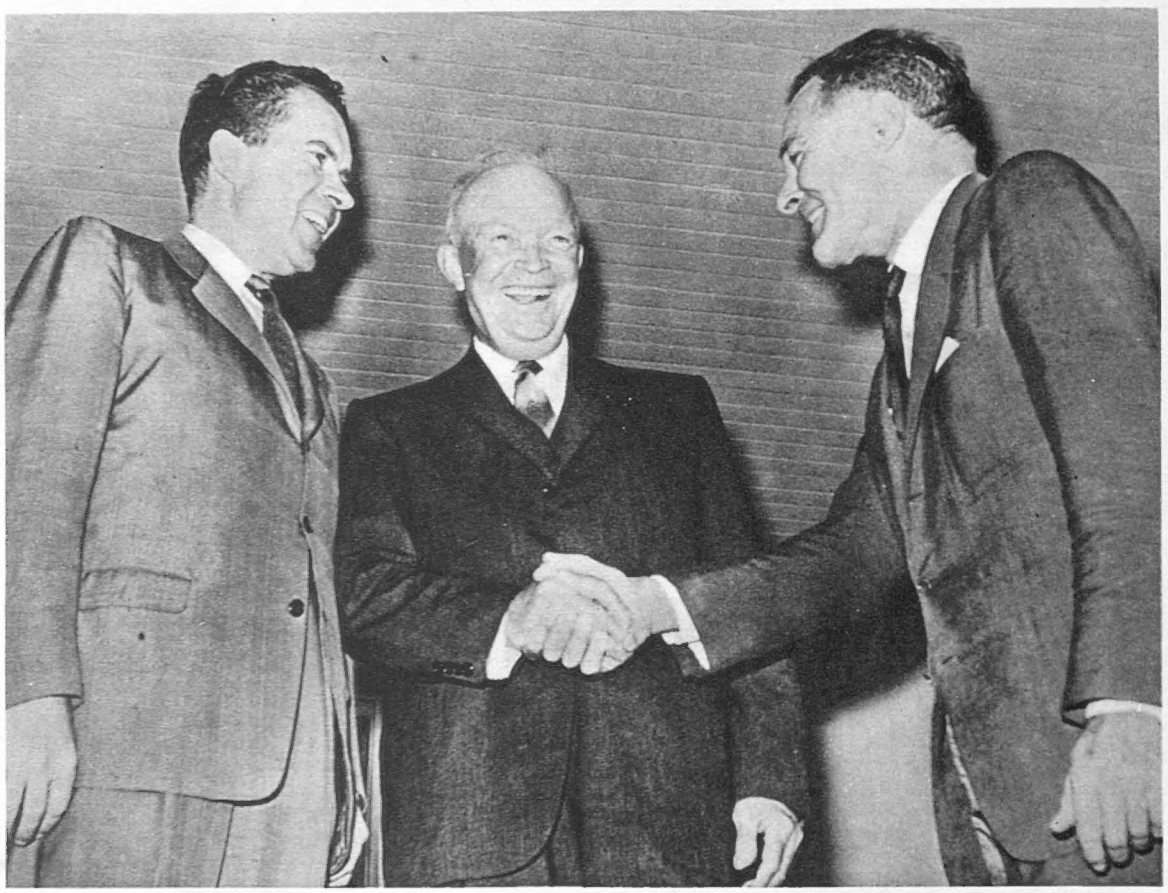
In those days he seemed, to orthodox liberal opinion in the United States, as ominous a figure as Senator McCarthy. But he was of very different moral and intellectual calibre. His political opponents and critics have learned, in the past twelve years, to regard him with deepening respect. Four years after the Hiss case, he was the Republican candidate for Vice-President in Eisenhower's first election in 1952. It happened that I was in Canada that autumn. In mid-September Nixon was under heavy fire; the charges of corruption were so noisy, so detailed and so widespread that he felt bound to make a full public denial of them; and he chose television as the medium for doing so.

I have a very vivid memory of that broadcast. I was in Victoria, in British Columbia. My host was a former Liberal Prime Minister of the Province, which had just put a Social Credit Government in office. His house was on the edge of the Pacific, looking southward to the great snow-topped mountains of Oregon. The television screen seemed an insolent, twitchy intruder across that majestic prospect, in the level, serene evening light. Nixon spoke in a studio in, I think, Los Angeles, with his wife beside him, looking at him with a queer fixed smile which, I remember, frightened me not a little.

Nixon himself was very tense. He talked with an extreme fluency which could not hide his consciousness of the stakes for which he was playing. He seemed to me persuasive, and himself to have a passionate belief in what he was saying. He rejected any charge of corruption; he had only accepted one present in his whole political career—a cocker spaniel. Dutifully, in the last few seconds of the broadcast, that cocker spaniel trotted into the studio and was greeted by the Nixons with happy cries. My host, who knew the United States well, admitted rather ruefully that this would prove a highly successful gambit. It did.

Vice-President Nixon has grown greatly in stature, and in public esteem, since that election. But there is about him still this aura of great purposefulness; there is nothing of relaxation or of cosiness. He is awe-inspiringly tight-lipped. Fires undoubtedly burn inside him, but he has them under rigid control.

He has handled the Republican Party machine with the utmost adroitness, and has obtained backing for a surprisingly liberal and progressive programme. In spite of the weaknesses—mainly in external policy—of the Eisenhower Administration, for which the Vice-President must carry a share of the responsibility, it is apparent that he will be a strong candidate, with a considerable chance of winning. In Britain we are obviously sharply concerned with and deeply affected by America's external policy: but inside the United States domestic politics will decide the election. This may from our point of view be regrettable; but it is a stubborn fact of contemporary life which we have to learn to accept.



At Newport, Rhode Island, with Mr. Nixon looking on, President Eisenhower shakes hands with Mr. Cabot Lodge, the American representative to the U.N. and the Republican candidate for the vice-presidency

How will that decision go? Nixon or Kennedy? It looks as if the election itself will be as tight and close-run as the preliminaries, for both candidates, were smooth and swift. Each is the master of the complex and difficult internal apparatus of his Party; neither is in any sense a stooge of forces behind the scene. This will bring about, I suspect, a dramatically personal campaign with the characters of the two men, rather than their policies, in sharp contrast.

By one of those ironies which are inseparable, it seems to me, from political life, the family background of Richard Nixon, the representative of the Party traditionally of wealth and privilege, was one of poverty, while Senator John Kennedy is himself very rich and the son of an immensely rich man. Kennedy is a Roman Catholic; Nixon lists himself, in the reference books, as a member of the Society of Friends. Patrick O'Donovan has said of Kennedy: " He is a hereditary Catholic, stuck with his religion as a refugee is with his accent." But his Catholicism is far from obtrusive, and is combined with a marked liberalism in political outlook. His family's wealth took him, at an early age, far out of the world of the Boston Irish into which his father had been born; he went to Choate (which is also Adlai Stevenson's old school) and to Harvard; he was here in England as a youth, when his father was U.S. Ambassador to the Court of Saint James from 1937 to 1941.

Kennedy is four years younger than Nixon, and his strikingly boyish appearance made many people say, in the earlier stages of his drive towards nomination, that he was far too young to be President of the United States—an argument which, used about a man of forty-three, I find singularly unconvincing.

Both candidates represent, for America, a major break with the past. The Eisenhower era is drawing forlornly to its storm-beset conclusion. Whoever wins in November will face, especially in matters of external policy, enough challenges to satisfy the doughtiest, bonniest fighter; Mr. Khrushchev in his present intemperate and bellicose mood, putting the worst possible interpretation on every American word or gesture, however courteous or conciliatory, and taking spies out of every pocket like a galli-galli boy with his new-born chicks; the tangled remains of what was once American Far Eastern policy; the mounting difficulties of emergent Africa; and the sad fiasco of the U.N. disarmament commission. There is a host of others. James Reston, of *The New York Times*, has said: " Kennedy and Nixon may well prove to be nearer to the needs and to the spirit of the age than is generally realised." I hope indeed, that this canny prophecy is fulfilled to the hilt.

As the horses thunder over the last few yards to the finishing post in the Black Rock Handicap at Brighton, Lester Piggott has a remarkable escape from injury as he falls from Barbary Pirate in front of the oncoming horses. A hundred yards from home, his saddle slipped: Lester Piggott hung on grimly, his arms round his mount's neck, before falling. At the time he was engaged in a desperate finish with C. Moss on Bob Barker (foreground), the eventual winner. Piggott's crash helmet flew off when he fell, but he was on his feet again in a minute and rode in a later race. It was a lucky escape, especially at a time when Piggott is making a great effort to gain the jockey's championship

A HEAVY FALL AT BRIGHTON

b

Floodlit for the first time since it was completed fifty-eight years ago, is MacCaig's Tower at Oban, Argyll. It was begun in 1897 by John Stuart MacCaig in an effort to help the unemployment situation

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

THE SHUFFLE-BOARD REVIEWED. "Much ado about nothing." Governments thrive on the shortness of the public's memory. Despite protests, the Premier exercised his right to place his pieces on the board exactly as he planned. Four years' certainty of power makes a masterful man into a benevolent dictator. The new Ministers are off to shoot grouse or play golf (as they deserve) and occasionally to thumb through their new portfolios. The caricaturists have three months for studying photographs of Lord Home to try to find *some* feature in his face caricaturable; and "loyal" organs of the Press have all found justifications for Mr. Macmillan's reasoning. (Anyway, the new Ministers will all be "old-hands" and taken for granted by late October.) The return of Messrs. Thorneycroft and Powell was the highlight of the shuffle. I wish that the former had a more appropriate job. For the rest of the changes, they appear to be "in common form," giving the available men the chance to become jacks-of-all-trades, if masters of none. When Opposition is weak and a majority substantial, it is wonderful what a Premier can accomplish in trying out his own theories. It doesn't necessarily mean that he can restore civilisation to sanity or even cash all his election promises and prophecies, but he can achieve one miracle: in an age of revolution and bitter democratic indiscipline, he can restore the golden surface atmosphere of Victorian England, "hang out more viscounts and baronets," and give dyed-in-the-wood Tories the comfortable feeling that there will always be an England, cozy at the top. Though laws be flouted and commerce dwindle, "Leave us still our old nobility."

WALKING-OUT AND CARRYING ON. If one read only sensational headlines, one might reasonably sum up: "Every man, woman and child for themselves and the devil take the meek, the patient and the dumb!" The wonder is that so many of these "lesser breeds" survive and still make orderly government in some countries just barely possible. There is no real need to explore avenues to find out why it is that, fifteen years after the last world war, human reason is more unseated than in the late '40's and indiscipline and egotism more rife. Successful revolt against order is the most contagious disease in the pharmacopœia and it has run riot over the world's face. The schoolboy revolts, the juvenile *fait ce que voudrait*; handfuls of workers walk out on a baseless rumour, delegates walk out if an item on an agenda displeases them, heads of government hardly dare to make a decision, tiny undeveloped nations flout all authority, and no weapon exists to correct any nasty, naughty boy from the infant school to the Presidium. As a result, he usually gets his way. We bow to it. It is called "the ideal of democracy and equality getting through its growing pains." Sometimes among the meek, the patient and the dumb, an unspoken thought emerges that there was something to be said for the bad old days of Queen Victoria with all their injustices and inequalities and horrid contrasts. Perhaps Mr. Macmillan shares that opinion. With all their hates, grievances and suspicions, the world and this country then were not totally transformed into a nightmare fourth-form classroom. Life was a little more earnest, things got done, some lessons were learned, and a dignified existence was not entirely ruled out. To-day dignity is out, impudence triumphs and every one of us plays *Vice Versa* in a travesty of Jimmy Edwards' *Whacko*. That at least is the verdict of the headlines. But if you walked among the holiday crowds, making the best of wretched weather, you must have been heartened to note the number of happy, patient, decent (and even litter-conscious) people this country can still produce.

CRIME WAVE BULGE PAST? Home Office annual statistics on crime looked a little less ugly than details published by the Chief Constables. In the latter, it was easy to read very grave anxiety about the slow advance in combating the crime wave. The comparative "optimism" of the Home Office "spokesman" was not very substantially based on the fact that the continued increase in crime was not so great as in the previous year. Optimism might be justified if statistics had shown even a 1 per cent. decline. They didn't. They showed that the *rise* in crime persisted and crime reached a new peak by nearly 8 per cent. increase. Crimes of violence rose by as much as 16 per cent. In juvenile crime, girls of the age group fourteen to seventeen showed a 10 per cent. increase. Victims of murder over one year of age increased by something like 20 per cent. Not

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At the National Eisteddfod of Wales, the Bards perform the Gorsedd ceremony in the Circle of Thirteen Stones on Cardiff Castle green. This year the winner of the Bardic Crown was the Rev. William John Gruffydd, who also won the Crown in 1955 when the Eisteddfod was held at Pwllheli. He is a member of the Gorsedd

Right: Restoration proceeds on the wall paintings in St. Albans Abbey. The work was started a year ago on a series of representations of the crucifixion down six piers of the north nave arcade, and on other murals

very encouraging, is it? Offences by prostitutes fell sharply—that is regarded as highly satisfactory. The ladies are kept off the streets. And no doubt the law will triumph over immorality in this particular when the "undesirable" clubs, striptease joints and call-girl facilities cease to increase by leaps and bounds. There is little cause for Home Office optimism about the general picture to-day.

SILVER BLAZE. It is always fashionable to be at Glorious Goodwood, and every year the resources of the West Sussex police, with reinforcements from outside, are strained to assure the comfort of the fashionable and to control the traffic on all the roads leading to the course. This year another "fashion" led to an even greater strain on the Chief Constable's resources—the fashion in doping horses for profitable rigging of races. The fashion is believed to be fairly widespread, not the work of one clever race gang. It is sporadic and not new. Trainers and stable lads were all alerted. Armed guards patrolled by night the favourites' quarters. Detectives mingled with the crowds and circulated round Arundel Castle and the Goodwood course. Clearly Sherlock Holmes and his deer-stalker should be living at this day, his gaunt form striding the downs, his Watson panting asthmatically behind. "The curious circumstance of the dog in the night" quite certainly needed investigation. It is easier to "dope" a horse to lose than to win; and the fact that "it was all right on the day" presupposes that the sleuths took Holmes as their model, imitated his secret and silent methods, while rejecting his reckless gamble (to enhance his own fame) by producing the favourite, fit and well, at the eleventh hour plus 59 minutes out of his deer-stalker hat. May Glorious Goodwood ever remain glorious, fashionable and honourable. All tastes are said to be good. All fashions are not.

DEATH OF CRICKET? The end of the fourth Test Match at Old Trafford, seen by a sprinkling of old-time cricket fans in the vast arena, with some disappointed slow-clapping schoolboys to reinforce them, rang one more toll on the bell of Test cricket. Even the martyrs, who comment on these Tests for the benefit of TV viewers, ran dry of cricket reminiscences. It was clear enough that Test cricketers will *not* be persuaded that cricket is recreational at any level and is not an international problem of prestige. There might be a case for five-day Tests at Old Trafford where rain falls slowly and often. There is none for five-day Test Matches against a "county standard" visiting team anywhere on earth. It is the players who kill the thing they love. Nothing will persuade them that cricket can only *survive* if it be a recreation, alike for players and for viewers whose money keeps it alive. Cowdrey had won the series, but the possibility of being defeated in a bye was more than he dared face. The Englishmen plodded on until a "finish" was impossible and then the South Africans plodded on against "nursery" bowlers in the dreadful fear of losing a wicket. Those who have pulled down their cricket arenas to build greater must regret the investment. Half the former capacities would have been excessive for the crowds who attended the bulk of these Test matches. Clearly, it is no good leaving it to the players to save themselves and their game by their exertions. Nothing will persuade them that they are not of world importance. Years of flattery and publicity have driven that belief into their heads. The time *has* clearly come to tamper with the rules of cricket in top-level games, to restore vitality and a sense of proportion, or to suspend all Test matches until players have come to their senses. Now comes the last chance—at the Oval—to pull the burned chestnuts out of the fire and make a game of "top-level" cricket amusing to watch and to play.

. . . "IN A FAIR-GROUND." For decades of my life I regarded Beaulieu as one of the most peaceful and enchanting places in Southern England and not very long ago I tried to buy a house there. That fate I was mercifully spared. The old ruins of the Abbey were until recently a joy to wander among and the broad tidal waters were the haunt of kingfishers and sea birds. To-day even under orderly conditions the approaches to the Abbey are usually a clamorous and a dusty or churned-up car park and any pleasure to be derived from those lovely ruins and their setting is bought in summertime at too high a price for people of taste. The old Car Museum has for some years brought to Beaulieu the very people old stagers go out of their way to avoid, and the jazz festivals surely put the lid on it. Small wonder if an official voice, speaking for the bulk of the residents of the village, thanked God for Lord Montagu's half-promise that at least there would be no more jazz festivals. "They cause chaos to the whole area." They do indeed. The owner of Beaulieu and Palace House has horribly spoilt and vulgarised a heritage most men would be proud to preserve. It is fair to put both sides of the case. It may well be that Palace House and its acreage, like Woburn and other greater palaces, can only be kept in the family by money-making stunts. It is fair to remember that Lord Montagu's father was a notable pioneer in motoring's early days and that his son is entitled to inherit his father's interests and to memorialise them. But what is hard to accept is that ownership of land can carry unchallenged the right to create so much nuisance to a majority of its neighbourhood. Laws regarding rights and duties of neighbours are very old and very clear and still in force, and it is odd that hitherto no outraged inhabitant of Beaulieu has sought to enforce them in a court of law. Beaulieu has become a "Fair-ground" with a vengeance.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

ON THE FLOOR

Filming "The Millionairess" on Stage One, M.G.M. Studios, Elstree

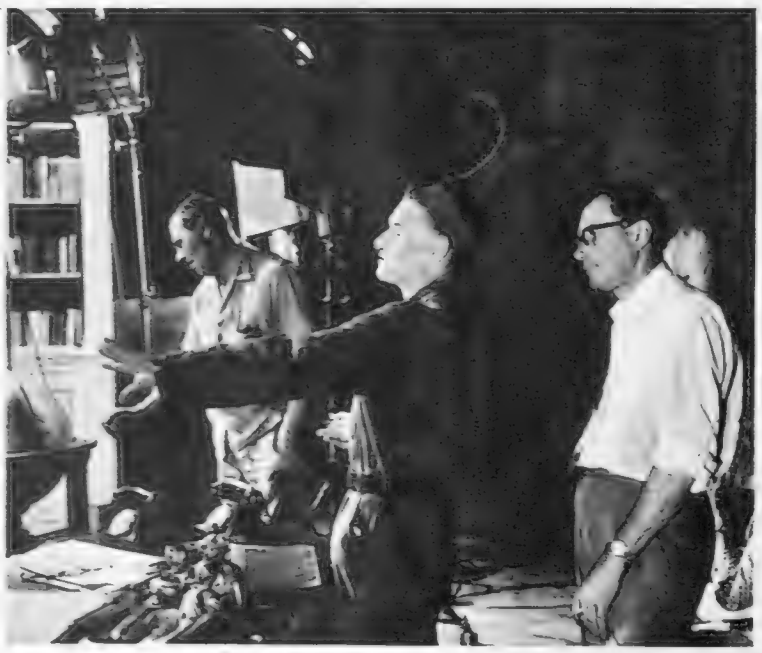
The director Anthony Asquith discusses a point with Sophia Loren and Alastair Sim

Work on shooting the various scenes of Shaw's comedy at the studios at Elstree in Hertfordshire finished by the beginning of August. But that is by no means the end of the work that has to be done before the finished copy can be shown to the critics and the general public. All the takes of the scenes—some of them very short—have to be cut and edited, so that they flow together and there is no wasted footage. The soundtrack has to be matched to the film. These are all highly skilled jobs; a film can easily be marred during the cutting.

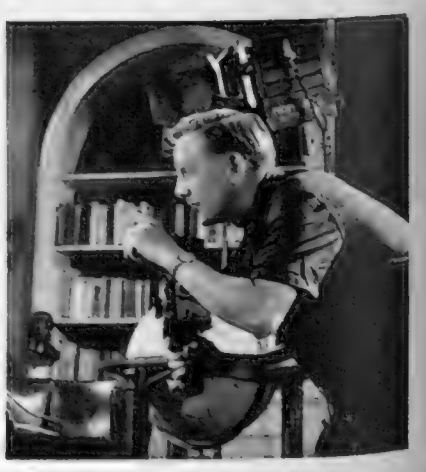
The Millionairess has been made in CinemaScope and Eastman colour, from a script by Wolf Mankowitz, produced by Pierre Rouve and directed by Anthony Asquith. It stars the Italian actress Sophia Loren, the Italian actor Vittorio de Sica, and Peter Sellers and Alastair Sim. The news that Sophia Loren would play Shaw's millionairess opposite Peter Sellers, who in the last two years has become one of the most brilliant and versatile of British comic actors, was greeted with extreme interest. The fact that the director is Anthony Asquith, whose screen comedies have been some of the most stylish produced in Britain, added to this interest.

Besides all the supporting actors and actresses, over sixty technicians are involved. Of these, one of the most important is Jack Hildyard, the lighting cameraman, who was responsible for the camerawork of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. The film was shot almost entirely in the studio, on sets designed by Paul Sheriff and Harry White. A few scenes were made on location at London Bridge and Billingsgate in London. It is expected that *The Millionairess* will have its première at the end of October.

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



From left: Electrician Neville Whyte; first assistant director Frank Hollands, Anthony Asquith, and lighting cameraman Jack Hildyard; producer Pierre Rouve



From left: Pauline Jameson and assistant make-up man Alan Brownie; camera operator Gerry Fisher; continuity girl June Faithfull; stills cameraman Norman Hargood

Almost hidden by lights, camera and sound boom, Sophia Loren and Anthony Asquith. **Below:** Behind the clapper board, Peter Sellers and Sophia Loren

Chief floor electrician A. Pochety peers through a filter. Right is Bill Raymond, Alastair Sim's stand-in. **Below:** The focus puller Ceri Davies measures the distance from the camera to the actor

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

The new Secretary for Commonwealth Relations

In Mr. Macmillan's recent Cabinet shuffle, Mr. Duncan Sandys succeeded Lord Home as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. The latter was moved to the Foreign Office. In his previous ministerial posts Mr. Sandys has travelled extensively in Commonwealth countries and became familiar with many of their problems. Aged fifty-two, he was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford, where he read History. He entered the Foreign Service in 1930, and during Hitler's rise to power served in the British Embassy in Berlin.

Mr. Sandys resigned from the Foreign Service to enter politics and was elected Conservative M.P. for Norwood in 1935. Like Mr. Macmillan at that time, he was a critic of many of the Government's policies. He served in the Royal Artillery during the war until 1941, when he was disabled by an accident. After a number of junior ministerial offices, he was appointed Minister of Works, with Cabinet rank, in 1944. In this capacity he was in charge of bomb damage repairs and emergency housing measures.

Having lost his seat in 1945, Mr. Sandys devoted much of his time to furthering the cause of a united Europe. He returned to the Commons in 1950 as M.P. for Streatham and in the second Churchill Government of the following year became Minister of Supply. His duties took him on visits to Malaya, Australia, New Zealand and Canada. He was transferred to the Ministry of Housing in 1954. In 1957 he was moved again, to the Ministry of Defence. In this post he also made numerous journeys to Commonwealth countries. After the General Election of last year, Mr. Sandys was given the newly-created Ministry of Aviation.

INDIA

The shape of India's map has changed several times during the last ten years. Another minor change is now in the offing. The seventeenth State of India—Nagaland—will come into existence soon. The Constitution will have to be amended before this change comes into effect.

The territory inhabited by the Nagas, as by other tribal people all over India, has always been regarded as part of independent India. These brave tribal people enjoy all the privileges and obligations of Indian citizenship. The Nagas are a hard-working and disciplined people, and there is much in their simple and unsophisticated way of life from which others can learn with profit. For many years Nagas have enlisted freely in the Indian Army. The policy of the Government of India has always been to give the fullest autonomy and opportunity of self-development to the Naga people, without interfering in any way in their internal affairs or way of life.

The Naga Hills, unfortunately, through the activities of a few headstrong rebels who wished to carve out an independent sovereign state in the area, have been the scene of internal disturbances for the last several years. The Indian Army was hard put to restore conditions of peace and tranquillity. In the process, several hundred valued lives were lost on either side. The demand for an entirely independent Naga territory, separate from India, was totally unacceptable to the Government of India. The hostile Nagas indulged in arson, loot and extortion of money from their fellow Nagas. They also committed a number of gruesome murders. It became the duty of the Government of India to give protection to a large number of other Naga residents of these areas and to meet the menace of this continued violence. This conflict inevitably caused much suffering to the people of these areas, most of whom were anxious to live a peaceful life.

Gradually there was an improvement in the situation and over large areas in the Naga districts peaceful conditions were established. The Government of India undertook large-scale development projects in the area and established schools, hospitals and communications, thus bringing the area into line with other parts of India where impressive economic development projects had been under way since 1947.

The leaders of all the tribes of the Naga Hills, representing their people who had suffered so much from this conflict and the depredations of the hostiles, in the end decided to call a halt to violence. They summoned a representative convention of the Naga people, drawn from every tribe and area of the territories forming part of the Naga Hills district of the Assam and Tuensang division of the North East Frontier Agency. This Convention met in 1957 and passed a number of resolutions, the principal being the demand for the constitution of a single Naga administration unit under the External Affairs Ministry of the Government of India. The Naga people hoped that the formation of the new unit could give them an opportunity of developing their area in a way they considered suited to their needs.

A second Convention was held in 1958. This Convention arranged a liaison committee to contact the underground elements and win them over to support the Convention's policy of negotiating with the Government of India for the establishment of a state within the Indian Union. A third Naga People's Convention was held in 1959. It prepared a 16-point memorandum for consideration by the Government of India. The main demand formulated by the Nagas at this Convention was for the constitution of a separate state within the Indian Union to be known as Nagaland. A delegation of Naga leaders presented this memorandum to the Governor of Assam in April last. The delegation expressed a wish to meet the Prime Minister. On July 26 the Prime Minister received a delegation of fifteen Naga leaders led by Dr. Imkonkliba Ao, President of the Naga People's Convention. The Prime Minister accepted the delegation's request for the constitution of a separate state within the Indian Union, but pointed out to the Naga leaders that the extent of this territory (4,000 square miles), its population (500,000) and its financial resources (total annual revenue is less than 1/80th of the total expenditure of £3,000,000) were such that it would not be able to bear the weight of a heavy superstructure in administration.

A final agreement between the Naga People's Convention and the Government of India has been reached on the following lines:

(*a*) A new state—to be called Nagaland—will be established within the Indian Union comprising a territory of the existing Naga Hills and Tuensang area.

(*b*) The office of Governor of Assam and Governor of Nagaland will be combined, and the existing jurisdiction of the Assam High Court over the area comprising the new state will continue.

(*c*) There will be a transitional period during which an interim body would be constituted with representatives of several Naga tribes to assist the Governor in the administration of Nagaland.

(*d*) The Governor will have special responsibility for law and order during this transitional period and for so long as the situation remains disturbed by hostile activities.

(*e*) The state will have a Legislative Assembly to which the Council of Ministers will be responsible.

The Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru, declared in the Lower House of the Indian Parliament on August 1 that it was the intention of the Government of India to give effect to the arrangements reached with the Naga leaders without delay. This would involve amendment of the Constitution. The Prime Minister expressed his satisfaction at the agreement reached and said:

"We have always regarded the Nagas as full Indian citizens. India achieved her independence thirteen years ago, and the Nagas are as independent as other Indian citizens. We have not the slightest desire to interfere in the tribal customs and usages of the Nagas or in their distinctive way of life. The agreement now reached with them should enable them to find the fullest opportunity of self-expression, and we sincerely hope that the new arrangement will result in the rapid introduction of normal conditions in the area."

GHANA

A Methodist missionary who went to Ghana in 1930—Mr. C. T. Eddy—is retiring at the end of August after spending thirty years in the country as a teacher and administrator. His record is a remarkable one and draws attention to the decreasing band of men and women from Europe—known among themselves as the "Old Coasters"—who have spent a large part of their lives in this corner of West Africa.

The story of the white man in Ghana or Nigeria or Sierra Leone is very different from that, say, in Kenya or the Transvaal. The merchant adventurers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who first explored the Atlantic littoral of the continent soon discovered the terrible toll they had to pay for the trade in gold and ivory and slaves. Men died so fast from unexplained diseases that the coastline became known as the White Man's Grave. The consequence was that Ghana and her neighbours never had a settler's problem (and were therefore in a greatly more favourable position than many other African countries when talk turned to the subject of independence). The secret of the *Anopheles* has long since been discovered and malaria is now little more than an occasional nuisance. But Ghana has remained an African corner of

WEALTH

India and the Nagas; an "Old Coaster" in Ghana; the end of the Malayan Emergency

Africa. It is a black man's country. Foreigners who accept it on those terms will always find themselves welcome.

There are probably a thousand or so men and women scattered throughout Britain who have retired or transferred to other posts after careers in Ghana, spent either with the Government or missions or commercial houses. They appear, without exception, to look back on their service in the country with a strong sense of pleasure and nostalgia. The Ghana High Commission in London receives letters from many of them, asking for literature and recalling their "time on the Coast."

Their affection for the country and its people is returned with generosity by Ghanaians. Many a son of Accra or Kumasi or Cape Coast can recall lasting impressions left by a European personality in a school or a Government department. President Nkrumah speaks warmly of his old Principal at Achimota, the Reverend A. G. Fraser. The retiring Mr. Eddy numbers a Professor, a Principal Secretary, a Headmaster and a former Minister of State among his old boys. Undoubtedly they will join in the round of good wishes as Ghana says farewell to one more friend from abroad.

MALAYA

The Federation of Malaya's war against Communist terrorism, which officially began on June 16, 1948, when a State of Emergency was declared, was formally declared at an end on July 31, 1960. The Emergency, which lasted twelve years, had cost the country over 1,500,000,000 Malayan dollars (about £200,000,000) and the number of lives lost among the Security Forces (British, Commonwealth and Malayan soldiers, airmen, police and Home Guards) and civilians amounted to a total of 4,338. There can, of course, be no figure for the pain, hardship and suffering the people were subjected to.

The terrorist war in Malaya was not a national uprising. It was an attempt by Communist elements to seize the country and to place its peoples in subservience to an alien power. The Malayan Communist Party's pretext, however, in starting its "armed struggle" was that it was championing the peoples of Malaya against colonialism. The Communist tactics were to intimidate the rural people by murder and violence and to frighten them into aiding the Communists by supplying food and funds. In an attempt to disrupt the economy of the country they carried out murderous attacks upon both the management and employees of rubber estates and tin mines. They destroyed machinery, rubber trees, buildings, buses, lorries, trains and public utilities by wrecking and arson. Their attacks on police and military forces were mainly confined to ambushes on lonely roads and isolated police posts.

The Government's large-scale resettlement of scattered rural groups, mainly Chinese, into new villages where they could be defended, deprived the Communists of their main source of supply and information. The indiscriminate terrorism by the Communists earned the hatred of the general public. The Communist cause was finally exposed when they continued their "armed struggle" even after the Federation of Malaya attained independence on August 31, 1957.

When Malaya attained independence the Prime Minister, Tunku Abdul Rahman, declared his intention to end the emergency as soon as possible. He was confident that where there was a sense of nationalism Communism has no place. The effect of his leadership became obvious when more and more areas were declared "white" and within three years of nationhood the twelve-year war has been finished.

Though the Emergency has ended there are still about 500 Communist terrorists on the Malayan-Thailand border and there is still the threat that they might revert to subversive tactics if given the opportunity. It is because of this potential threat that the Emergency Regulations have been replaced by an Internal Security Law, so that while the freedom of thought, movement and expression will be maintained, the Government will have sufficient powers to deal with Communist subversion. The Government's victory in the struggle against the Communists is not only a victory for the nation but also a victory for our democracy over Communism.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Sir Eric Harrison, the High Commissioner for Australia, examines some of the wines after opening the Australian Wine Centre in Frith Street, Soho, London. The centre offers a comprehensive range of wines from Australia

Sir Paul Gore-Booth, Britain's new High Commissioner to India, with his wife and daughter. He takes up his appointment next October in succession to Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. Sir Paul, who is aged fifty-one, has been Deputy Under-Secretary of State (Economic Affairs) at the Foreign Office since 1956

Frocks bearing large portraits of President Nkrumah are worn by two guests at a reception in London given by the Ghanaian High Commissioner for Lord Listowel, who was Governor-General of Ghana until the country became a Republic last month

Through-coach at the Hook

The Russian guard waits for passengers at the Dutch port

Oldenzaal near the Dutch-German border

THROUGH-TRAIN TO MOSCOW

A journey on the recently-started direct service from London

Two and a half months ago the first direct train service from London to Moscow was started. Passengers take the Day Continental Express from Liverpool Street to Harwich. After crossing the North sea to the Hook of Holland, they find in the Dutch port a coach for the Soviet capital attached to the eastbound express. The journey takes three days and two nights and the service runs four times a week in each direction. The fare is £47 18s. return, plus £22 for sleeping-cars.

On arrival in the Netherlands those booked through to the Soviet terminal can have no doubt of their destination. A Russian guard is one of the custodians of the coach. There is also a West German guard, who goes no further than Berlin.

The first stage of the journey is familiar to most who have travelled in Western Europe. The train proceeds over the flat Lowlands and its waterways. How often one says to oneself "I will someday get out here" and never does; thereby missing some splendid country. At Oldenzaal the Netherlands-West German frontier is reached. With the Customs formalities concluded, the express goes on to Osnabrück, where Britain's George I was carried to die on his native territory. The Westphalian hills offer a contrast to the earlier plains. At Loehne, the Paris-Moscow coach is hitched to the coach from the Hook. Then come Hanover and the final staging point of the Free West, Helmstedt.

The Paris-Moscow coach at Loehne

Passports are checked and forms completed in East Germany

Helmstedt, the last stop before the Iron Curtain

It is late at night, or to be precise, early morning. Within a few minutes there is a grinding of brakes and, the Iron Curtain having been passed, Communist controlled customs officials come down the corridors to inspect passports and demand the filling-in of numerous documents. Magdeburg, dominated by its vast cathedral, emerges with the dawn.

A glance out of the window is enough to show that this is a land of fear. Everything seems much too quiet. West Berlin provides a happy, but only temporary relief. All too soon the train is heading through the dull countryside of East Brandenburg to the Polish border which is reached after a halt at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder.

Poland offers a contrast. The people appear poor but friendly. In Warsaw there is time for a stop so that the gay lights of the cafés and streets can be noticed. The frontier of the Soviet Union is passed in the middle of the second night, at Brest-Litovsk, which will always remain in heavy type in history books as the place in which the revolutionary Bolsheviks made their treaty with the Germans to conclude Russia's participation in the First World War.

Now, passengers from London, the Hook or Paris will surely be waking up to record their first impressions of the sunrise over Khrushchev's Russia. Minsk, the Pripet Marshes, Smolensk. An interminable flatness and, working by the railway line, poverty-stricken men and women who seem very unlike citizens presaging the entry into the paradise which the Communists proclaim. Vodka and caviare are served before arrival in Moscow. So the passenger to the Soviet capital should arrive in a receptive mood.

Some of those who travelled on one of the early London-Moscow trips this year have passed on some useful advice. It is advisable not to try and take photographs of people at stopping points in the Communist countries without first getting their permission. Poland is the exception. Elsewhere the sight of a camera tends to cause officials to shout "forbidden . . . forbidden." It is an English word with which they all seem to be very familiar. At Griebnitzsee one of the travelling party took a picture of a woman railway official. Outraged, she summoned a policeman who confiscated the film. He was not to know that before his arrival the prudent photographer had substituted an unused film in his camera. There may also be difficulties about changing currency in the restaurant car after leaving Berlin. Above all, the traveller must be sure he has his full complement of visas.

An East German woman railway official carefully watches the train at Griebnitzsee

Russian soldiers on the platform at Frankfurt-on-the-Oder

The stop in Warsaw allows a brief pause for sightseeing

A group of men and women working on the line in Russia

Left: Two Russian train guards. They were willing to have their picture taken, unlike many seen from the train in Communist countries on this long train journey from the Hook to Moscow

Right: Journey's end. The terminus at Moscow is reached at night after over fifty hours of travelling from the Hook

Below: Nearing the Russian capital, a barrier at a level crossing is withdrawn and an old woman waves a rolled-up yellow flag to signal the train to pass

6 p.m.—during the evening rush hour. The pavements and crossings of the Square are crowded with workers homeward bound by bus or underground

A DAY IN RED SQUARE

Round the clock in the famous centre of Moscow

The tourist arriving in Moscow will almost certainly at once make for Red Square. St. Basil's Cathedral is its focal point and on one side it is flanked by the Kremlin and the squat building of the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, which is used as the saluting base for parades on great Soviet occasions. Life in the Square begins early in summer-time, soon after sunrise. Like the centres of other capital cities it has its times of day when it is most crowded. There are the morning and evening rush hours of Muscovite workers, who will also be out *en masse* during the break for the midday meal. Sometimes they may remain in numbers in the Square until far into the evening because the GUM department store stays open late so that workers in offices and industry can do their shopping. Tourists and visitors predominate in the mid-morning and mid-afternoon. They will be reminded by their guides of the traffic regulations, which are very strict. Pedestrians must cross the roads only at the fixed crossings. When darkness falls Red Square remains an attraction. And there are always the guards on the Mausoleum.

Russian soldiers are keen photographers

Midday. Tourists come out from the Lenin-Stalin Mausoleum, immediately behind them

Moscow's department store, GUM, stays open until late in the eveni

At 8 p.m. Red Square is almost deserted. St. Basil's Cathedral is in centre background and the Kremlin on left

11 a.m. A guide gathers his party for a Kremlin visit

Changing the Guard in the afternoon. This is always a great attraction

Nearing midnight, there are still a few people about near the Kremlin

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHAT ANIMALS CAN HEAR

I was talking to an old countrywoman in Somerset. Like many old country folk, who left school while still very young to work in the fields, she had a remarkable memory for the days of her youth. The distant past, sixty years and more ago, was much clearer, much more real, to her than the day before yesterday. She was in the full flow of reminiscence when three jet fighters swept low overhead followed by the deafening scream of their engines; we were standing about half a mile from an aerodrome. The old lady winced: it was almost as though she had been struck. When peace was restored: " And what do you think of those? " I asked. She gave the matter a moment's thought and then said: " Well, them do stop constipation." It surprised me rather. This is the first time I have heard a civilian on the ground say a good word for a jet low overhead. It took me some little time to realise that she meant concentration.

She was quite right; the noise does stop concentration. But it does a good deal more than that. I do not suppose that the noisy world in which we now live, and noise seems to be inseparable from progress, does our nerves any good, but there can be no doubt that excessive noise causes some people acute discomfort and even actual pain. This has been measured. Sound is measured in decibels—I believe that a steam train at speed is responsible for 90 decibels or thereabouts. Acute discomfort is caused, I understand, by 120 decibels and real pain by 130 decibels. I know nothing about decibels and I will not vouch for the accuracy of those figures. But I think that they can be taken as near enough, for I have asked two experts and they more or less agreed; though each was careful to point out that others might not and that a good deal would depend upon the human, some being more sensitive than others not only to the volume (the intensity) of sound, but also to the frequency.

Now, the range of human hearing extends to about 16,000 frequencies a second. But the range decreases with age. This old lady is nearly twenty years older than I am. Moreover, she has lived in that neighbourhood, within a mile of the aerodrome, all her life. She should, therefore, have been well accustomed to the noise of jets. But I have no doubt, from the way she winced, that the noise caused her, momentarily, real physical pain. It did not have that effect on me. It was a most unpleasant noise, which interrupted conversation for a moment or two, and was therefore irritating: but no more than that. It did not cause me discomfort, let alone pain.

It had even less effect on the cows, a fine herd of Friesians, in the field at the gate to which we were standing. They took not the slightest notice, and did not so much as pause in their grazing. They cannot have been deaf to the sound, but simply ignored it.

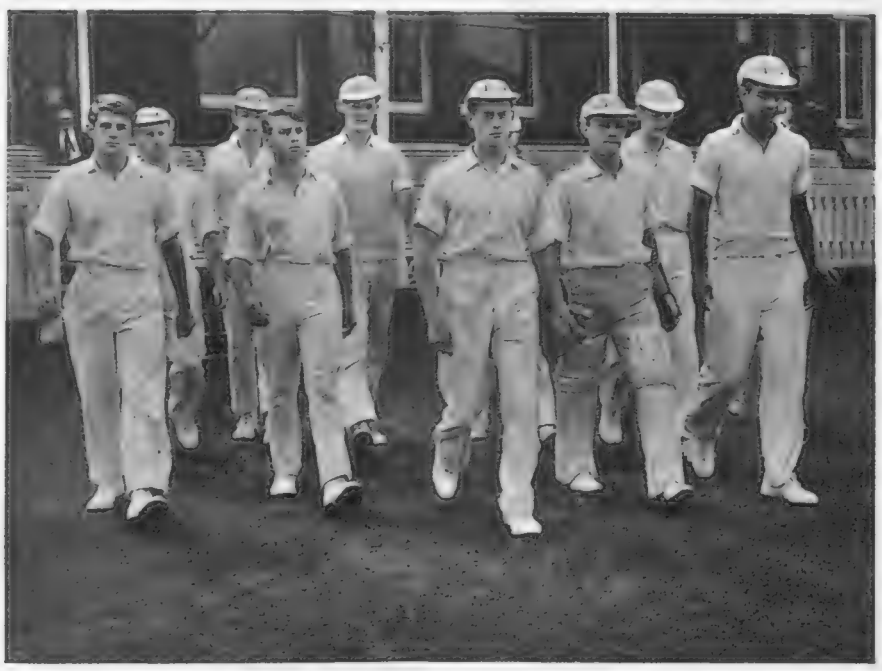
Human hearing, compared with that of the rest of the mammalian kingdom, is poor. But this does not necessarily mean that animals are more sensitive to sound than humans; only that they are able to hear a greater range of sound. As a matter of fact, we know very little about hearing in animals, even in those animals (cats and dogs, for example) on which a lot of experimental work has been done.

We have a fairly good idea of what a dog can hear. We know that dogs can distinguish between two notes only one-fifth the distance apart of two adjacent notes on the piano. We know that dogs can fix accurately the direction from which a sound comes (humans rarely achieve more than 50 per cent. accuracy). We all know about " silent " dog-whistles and that dogs can detect frequencies far beyond the range of human hearing. Anyone who has had much to do with cats knows that hearing is their most important sense, as smell is the dog's, and that their hearing is much more acute than that of the dog. A cat can distinguish between two sounds emitted at the same time twenty-two yards away and separated by only 18 ins.—a difference in time of .0000028 of a second. And Lenz has shown that a cat can hear a mouse running across a sand path at a distance of 25 yards.

But all this does not tell us how well a cat or a dog can hear. It only tells us what they can hear, which is not the same thing at all. The fact of the matter is that a whole world which is quite silent to us is filled with sound for cat and dog, for hare and rabbit and deer; and presumably also for cow and horse. They must really live in a very noisy world—it is an arresting thought. One would expect, therefore, that such noises as those made by low-flying jets would be terrible to them. It may be said that the noise was once terrible to those cows, and that they have grown accustomed to it and ignore it. (After all, humans grow accustomed to living by railway lines and never hear the trains. On the other hand, judging by reports and complaints, nobody ever becomes accustomed to living by London Airport.)

Maybe it was so; perhaps when the jets first came over, those cows rushed hither and thither in terror. But I doubt it. One of the fascinating things about aerodromes (the only fascinating thing to me) is the attraction they hold for hares, animals with exceptionally acute hearing. Jets screaming about all over the place do not disturb hares at all. I do not think that this is a matter of becoming accustomed. In my experience, young kittens are not terrified by the first jet they hear. They just do not seem to hear it, though they will hear a hiss at twenty yards. And it is the same with young puppies. Though they will hear a " silent " whistle a field and more away, they do not seem to hear jet aircraft. That is, left to themselves. One can easily, and unconsciously, make a cat or a dog frightened of a noise. One dog I owned was not in the least frightened of thunderstorms until he spent the week-end with a friend while I was away. There was a thunderstorm, certainly no worse than many he had experienced before, and the lady spent the time under a table. The dog was terrified of thunder ever afterwards.

But, left to themselves, the fact would seem to be that animals with especially acute hearing can select from all the multitude of noises which make up their world only those that matter; shut their hearing, as it were, to those that do not. A dog will hear his master's car in the road, even when he is in a room with the doors and windows shut, the radio on and people talking. A hare will hear a dog a runway's length away, and not the jet. For all I (or anybody else) knows, it may hear the dog while the jet is overhead. The greater the acuity of hearing, the greater the selectivity. We, with our poor hearing, have little selectivity. We are unaware only of those noises beyond our range of hearing. The jet may not cause us discomfort or pain, but we are all only too aware of it. And serve us right. We made it.



The Oratory team leaves the pavilion at Lord's during the match against Beaumont on July 23. **Right:** Beaumont take the field

C. F. Halliday (Beaumont) falls to M. Northey, who bowled well for Oratory

D. Daverin (Oratory) drives a ball from P. Haran

A swing by P. Mills-Owens (Beaumont), which failed to connect

J. Fountain who opened for Oratory with D. Daverin

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

BEAUMONT v ORATORY

Beaumont, with most of last year's young side retained, won the toss at Lord's on July 23, and their captain, J. M. Paton Walsh, put Oratory in to bat on an easy-paced wicket. The Oratory opening pair, D. Daverin and J. Fountain, played the fast bowlers confidently, but Fountain was out, when he had scored 27, to T. Scanlan, a leg-break bowler. Daverin stayed at the wicket while the score went to 59 for four. Before he was bowled by M. J. Hywel-Davies for 54, Daverin had two useful partners in D. Lysons and P. Hawkes. After lunch the remaining batsmen fell quickly as the wicket became more lively, and Oratory were all out for 147.

Beaumont should have been able to reach this total, as they opened their innings at 3.15 p.m. But Paton Walsh was caught off the first ball, and P. V. Peake and C. F. Halliday went soon after. Northey was the most dangerous bowler for Oratory. J. C. Murphy was l.b.w. to Lysons, and Beaumont found themselves struggling for runs. With the score at 65 for eight, P. Haran came to the rescue with a fine innings of 46. At the other end was M. Addison, who helped to make up a ninth-wicket partnership of 51. A run-out closed the innings at 121, leaving Oratory the winners by 26 runs.

The Beaumont wicket-keeper, D. A. Collingwood, sprints after a ball which was snicked by P. Hawkes

J. C. Murphy of Beaumont plays to leg

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Members of the British Olympic Yachting team, with the exception of Slotty Dawes, who is trailing his boat overland, are leaving London Airport this Saturday for Naples. This is a very wise move by the Olympic Committee. Arrival early on the scene of the Regatta will give our helmsmen and crews invaluable benefits. Like all sailing waters, Naples Bay has its own peculiarities. There is not much tide in the Mediterranean, but there are currents caused by the prevailing wind, and the hills surrounding the bay affect the breezes on various parts of the shore. There should be continuous sunshine and really hot weather, and coming from the 1960 British summer, the team will need to acclimatise themselves.

They will have a good fortnight to find their local sea-legs. The Olympic Regatta starts on the 29th and ends on September 7. There will be a race for each of the five classes every day, with a three-day break from September 2 to 4, making seven races in all. Whatever the outcome of the racing, and regardless of whether our team gain any medals, we are happy to see them on their way and confident they will bring us credit by sportsmanship and fair racing as well as skill.

From Naples to another lovely bay, on our own " English Riviera," the scene of the 1948 Olympic Sailing events, Torbay, where the old-established Torbay Fortnight starts this Friday and goes on until Saturday, August 27. This is one of the greater regattas, and is usually most successfully run by the Torbay Sailing Association, a " co-operative " of all the clubs in the bay from Teignmouth to Dartmouth. Interest is added to the racing by the fact that the scene changes as the fleet moves on from the waters of one centre to the next, Teignmouth, Babbacombe, Paignton, Torquay, Brixham and Dartmouth all taking their share.

After a lapse of many years there will be a fine fleet of International 12-metres racing once more. At least six of these will be taking part in the Regatta, although I heard a rumour that two of them, *Flica II* and *Norsaga*, might only be able to race in the second week. These are the two, whose owners, Mr. J. A. G. Boyden and Lord Craigmyle, are very much concerned with the next challenge for the America's Cup. *Norsaga* is continuously subjected to experiments and tests by the " boffins," expected to provide valuable data for the design of the new, super-boat for the challenge. The Royal Torbay Yacht Club has allocated a special trophy, the Addison Gold Cup, to be won on points gained in the three-days racing off Torquay (August 22-24). The end of the Torbay Fortnight will also be the end of the season for 12-metres, and it will be interesting to see who wins the Robert Pell Cup. This has been presented by an American, of whom very little seems to be known here, except that he is a member of the Travellers in Paris and the Athenæum in London. This Cup goes to the best Twelve on points for the whole season.

Former Narvik destroyer captain and Malayan guerrilla fighter, Commander Victor Clark, who last year completed a world circumnavigation in his 9-ton ketch *Solace*, must find conditions somewhat different on his present cruise. He is sailing the *News Chronicle*-sponsored *Audacity I*, accompanied by David, undergraduate son of Laurent Giles, her designer, in Scottish waters. I hear that most of the time the weather has been unkind, with gales and poor visibility, but the little " pocket " sailing cruiser stood up well on this arduous voyage taking in the Western Isles and the Orkneys and Shetlands. In fact Commander Clark thinks she is ideally suited to those waters.

Evaine, one of the fleet of 12-metres, will be racing in the Torbay Fortnight. She is owned by Mr. Guy Lawrence, whose firm built *Audacity I* (below)

The Duke of Edinburgh and designer Uffa Fox sail in the Duke's Flying Fifteen *Coweslip* at Cowes. In previous years photographers and others have caused danger to the yachtsmen, by getting in the way of craft. This year the Royal Navy took precautions, and H.M.S. *Droxford*, a 150-ton minesweeper, was on hand. She was later withdrawn. For photographers, two launches were provided, and these sailed at prearranged times in the charge of sub-lieutenants. On Thursday of last week, the Duke of Edinburgh sailed from Cowes in the Royal Yacht *Britannia* to join the Queen at Cardiff. They were due to spend Friday and Saturday there, and then leave for the Orkney and Shetland Islands with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Royal Family will spend the summer holidays at Balmoral. The Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones will also go to Balmoral later this month, and there is to be a family birthday party for Princess Margaret on August 21

PRINCE PHILIP RELAXES

TRAVEL

UGANDA HOLIDAY

By GORDON COOPER

It was just over a century ago—in 1858—that Speke seeking the source of the Nile became the first European discoverer of Lake Victoria Nyanza, the second largest lake in the world and one of the most important sources of Africa's greatest river, the Nile. Then, in 1907, Sir Winston Churchill made a visit there and was much impressed with the possibilities of this lush upland country in the heart of Africa which he described as a "fairy tale." Having myself travelled in almost every African country I would claim that, possibly with Nyasaland, it is a perfect holiday land. I certainly know of none better, especially during our own winter months.

It is not at all difficult to visit this highly developed nation whose home lies on the Equator. You can leave London Airport (by B.O.A.C., East African Airways or British United Airways) at teatime and have breakfast the next morning in the splendid hotel at Entebbe, looking out over Victoria Nyanza. (You can also make the much longer trip by sea to Mombasa—Union-Castle or B.I. lines—thence through Kenya by rail which takes 2½ days).

Entebbe is a delectable spot and it is the main airport for Uganda. Situated amid unbelievably green parklands and gardens, this administrative capital of the country is as charming a residential area as any in the tropics. Here there are lovely villas, vivid flame trees, a golf course, lido, and Botanical Gardens; and, not least, the de luxe Hotel Lake Victoria (but not at luxury prices) has few parallels for service, food, and situation. I would willingly spend a prolonged holiday there. From it a five-day trip by ship can be made around the lake, from Port Bell. Kampala, the commercial capital, is 21 miles distant, and to-day it is an up-to-date modern city, with many excellent shops, government buildings, and a busy native life.

But you may well wish to travel around Uganda, a country notable for its good roads, comfortable and well-sited hotels, and, most important of all, a happy, smiling population. You can during a course of a tour, take in Kabale (a tropical Switzerland), the Queen Elizabeth National Park, the fabled Mountains of the Moon, and the Murchison Park, with their famous and exciting Falls. There is game to be seen almost all the way, but especially in the two national parks; in fact, the wild animals are so tamed by their sense of security in a park that they literally graze right on the doorstep of your hotel. Everything, in fact, is just what you picture Africa to be. Nor must I forget to mention the wonderful bird life which is particularly varied around Lake Edward, along the Kazinga Channel, and within easy reach of the Mweya Safari Lodge (Queen Elizabeth National Park). There are opportunities, too, for big game hunting in Uganda and the cost of a safari is very reasonable. For myself, I prefer to go hunting with a camera.

Elephant is the supreme game animal to be seen, and as you travel along the road you will find yourself, on occasion, held up by these mammals who can take their time in moving out of the way. Uganda specialities are the situtunga (or marsh antelope) and the kob. Other species include eland, waterbuck (with the finest horns in Africa), hartebeest, topi, roan antelope, oryx, greater and lesser kudu, Bright's gazelle, impala, bushbuck, reedbuck, oribi, duiker, dik-dik, zebra and warthog. Buffaloes abound, and in the waters there are countless hippo. Crocodiles are, however, now becoming scarce, for poachers get good prices for their skins. If you are lucky (I wasn't) you may see lions. There is also uncommonly good fishing, including the giant Nile perch.

I cannot speak too highly of the chain of hotels which exist in Uganda, and during a tour, preferably by car although it is possible to travel around by public transport, reasonably-distanced hotels exist: the White Horse Inn at Kabale, Mount Elgon Hotel at Mbale, Hotel Margherita at Kasese, the Tropic Inn at Masaka, the Acholi Inn at Gulu, the Mweya Safari Lodge in the Queen Elizabeth Park, and the Paraa Safari Lodge at the Murchison Falls. In these hotels, the bedrooms are complete with private baths, and the cuisine is really exceptionally good. Then, not least of their attractions is the company, and chatting over a drink with a local game warden brings you right into a real man's life.

High on the list of Uganda's many attractions are its two great game sanctuaries: the Murchison Falls National Park lying astride the Victoria Nile and covering an area of 1,100 square miles, and the Queen Elizabeth National Park in the region of Lakes George and Edward with an area of 770 square miles. The Murchison Falls are perhaps the most dramatic sight in all Uganda, and are, in my opinion, one of the greatest natural wonders of Africa: a matchless scene of splendour. Here the pent-up waters of the mighty Nile surge through a narrow gap, not 20 ft. wide and spanned by a foot-bridge, to thunder down 140 ft. in a series of magnificent cascades. The trip, too, by motor-launch, from Paraa Lodge to the Falls provides one of the finest spectacles of unspoilt nature in the world. The Falls can also be reached by road.

The Queen Elizabeth National Park adjoins the Parc National Albert in the Congo, thus allowing the free passage of game between the two territories. The park includes the southern foothills of the Ruwenzori and a labyrinth of eighty-seven extinct volcanoes and crater lakes which lie closely packed together and are one of the most striking natural features of the park. I must also give special mention to Kasese (where I enjoyed a superb late Christmas dinner) which is a base for exploring the Mountains of the Moon; it also has a golf course, where there are no green fees and a caddy costs only 1s. a round.

Not least of the joys of life is a thirst—and its satisfaction. I have many such memories, and some of these are linked with Uganda. I still remember, with satisfaction, the "sundowner" I enjoyed (a mild description) at Gulu, a most delightful spot with an excellent hotel. It splashed round my arid throat, sliding softly down the gullet until it ran right down to my stomach. There it seemed to spread through my body—not swirling, but gently irrigating its way. What a memory! A justification, indeed, for visiting Uganda, for a true thirst can never be exported, and I often think it is one of the ironies of life that people can be surrounded by every kind of liquor and yet have no thirst, while there are other persons who have a real thirst but not the liquor.

Finally, a few practical details. Horizon Holidays Ltd. (17, Hanover Street, London, W.1) offer a fortnight's inclusive tour from London, with transport in Uganda by saloon car and accommodation in first-class hotels (with bath) for £235. Cook's and Mackay's (Edinburgh) can also make the necessary arrangements. And the East African Information Department (Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2) can answer your queries and supply brochures. In Uganda, too, there is a Department of Information in Kampala which is very helpful.

Hippopotamuses in Queen Elizabeth National Park, Uganda

VINTAGE FESTIVALS IN GERMANY

During September and October there are many wine festivals in Germany. They are gay celebrations and offer considerable appeal to tourists. Here is a list of some of these events:

August 27—29	Cochem (Moselle)
August 27—Sept. 4	Worms (Rhine)
August 27—Sept. 4	Winningen (Moselle)
September 3—5	Mainz (Rhine)
September 3—5	Bernkastel (Moselle)
September 3—5	Heilbronn (Neckar)
September 3—5	Ruedesheim (Rhine)
September 2—12	Bingen (Rhine)
September 10—12	Linz (Rhine)
September 10—12	Zell (Moselle)
September 17—19	Duerkheim (Palatinate)
September 24—26	Boppard (Rhine)
October 1—10	Neustadt (Palatinate)
October 1—3	Boppard (Rhine)
October 2—3	Remagen (Rhine)
October 15—16	Landau (Palatinate)

A full list of the wine festivals can be obtained from the German Tourist Information Bureau (6, Vigo Street, London, W.1). Also of appeal to wine-lovers is a wine-tasting holiday in Oporto organised by Erna Low Travel Service (47, Old Brompton Road, S.W.7) which takes place between September 21 and October 6; the inclusive cost (with air travel) is £72 10s., plus £12 10s. for some interesting excursions.

Putting on the 9th green. Behind is the 18th green, and the clubhouse in the background

Mr. Fred Shepherd, club steward, and Mr. T. T. McCreath, the chairman

Brigadier H. Thorne Thorne, secretary

David Streeter, assistant professional, and Lambert Topping, the professional

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

ST. GEORGE'S HILL

At the beginning of the century, if one had walked through Surrey in a straight line from Cobham to Weybridge, it would have been hard going. It was a forest of some 950 acres, famous for its pheasants. Badgers, foxes and deer roamed the area. Such was the St. George's Hill Estate when Mr. W. G. Tarrant acquired it. In 1911, clearing operations began on laying out the fairways of the St. George's Hill course, and builders started on the construction of the clubhouse. In October 1913, the course was officially opened, with Prince Alexander of Teck (later the Earl of Athlone) as the first president of the club. Then the First World War broke out and the clubhouse was converted into a hospital. Despite a fire which destroyed the old clubhouse in 1920, the club flourished between the wars and many memorable matches were played. The clubhouse was rebuilt to become the present imposing structure. It is situated about 20 miles from London.

In 1939, war again badly affected the golf courses in Britain. At St. George's Hill, the second course became a military training ground, and on it older members, as privates in the Home Guard, went on exercises more strenuous than golf. When peace came, the process of reconstruction began, many of the members themselves helping. To-day the course is as good as it has ever been, and nine holes of the second course have been brought back into play. It is a tribute to the architect, H. S. Colt, that the first course, except for the first hole, remains substantially as it was when first laid out. The clubhouse stands dramatically on a ridge in the centre of the course, with three loops of holes radiating from it. They are the two halves of the first course and the nine holes of the second, 2,706 yards long. This can be combined with either of the other two nine holes to form a medium-length round of something like 6,000 yards. The first impression of the courses is one of exhilarating tee-shots from the crests of the ridges over wide, shallow dips. Most famous of the short holes is the 8th, which has an alarming appearance. The tee looks downwards from its ridge to the green, 169 yards away, on a lower ridge. In front of the green are bunkers, and the shape of the ridge gives the green a hog's back appearance which disappears as the golfer gets nearer. Longest of the holes is the 15th, at 530 yards, and it is followed by two more long holes. The total length of the first course is 6,465 yards, the standard scratch score being 73.

Next in this series will be Temple Golf Club in our issue of August 20

The 8th hole. A 169-yard shot over a trio of bunkers to the green on a ridge

BOOKS

LIFE WITH ERROL FLYNN

Summer in Bangkok; Lady Foot writes about Cyprus; and this week's fiction

Errol Flynn was a famous film star and a notorious playboy. He started appearing in the more sensational headlines even before he reached Hollywood from Tasmania—via New Guinea, some Pacific islands and England—and embarked on his film career, which was sensational in most of the possible ways and a few of the impossible. Errol Flynn made more than fifty films, his success was prodigious and it has rightly been said that, to millions, he became a symbol of masculine freedom and virility. He galloped around in romantic roles, swinging swords and leaping in and out of perilous situations. Many of the situations into which his far from private life led him were fairly perilous, too. When he died suddenly a few months ago he was only fifty and full of plans and projects for work and play. He left cinemagoers an unforgettable impression of zest, good looks and adventure, and to the newspaper readers he left, just as vividly, the memory of scores of escapades all over the world.

What nobody had suspected was that Errol Flynn was also a quite extraordinary writer. He finished a long autobiography just before his death and it reveals him not only as a *raconteur* of a very high standard but as a man with a very sure literary talent. MY WICKED, WICKED WAYS (Heinemann. 21s.) is immensely readable, but it is not readable because of its ruthless candour, its occasional shock tactics or the promise (and fulfilment) of scandal. Its great merit lies in the fact that it was composed and set down by a natural writer and stylist. And who would have expected that of the rumbustious, practical-joking, woman-loving, sea-roving Mr. Flynn?

Yet it is as much a fact as that he had been a gold miner in the jungle, had played in Northampton repertory, featured in sensational divorce cases and others, or found that the New Guinea blood-sucking bat had nothing on a wife bent on alimony. This book is, in a very true sense, his testament—and it was all his own work.

The young author of MANGO SUMMER (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.) is another who brings zest to the business of writing or travelling or just, apparently, existing. Mrs. Cynthia Ellis was in our Foreign Service, just twenty-one and enduring gastric 'flu in Geneva, where a home-going delegation had left her, when she decided to go to Thailand. Sure enough, a few months later she found herself in Bangkok in the British Information Service and the summer which she describes in this high-spirited book lasted, in fact, for two years. She is now back in London and married to an Englishman who features in these pages, but this reader, at least, likes to feel that it won't be long before she takes to the road—or the river or the mountain trail—once more. For Mrs. Ellis has the avid appetite for exotic experience, the card index memory and the contempt for physical discomfort which the genuine traveller should possess, particularly if that traveller is planning to record his voyages, or hers, later on. This, in the best sense, is a young book: not overburdened by reflection but careful about facts; fresh and vital, but on the hither side of the harum-scarum. The author has proved a bright and sympathetic teller of travellers' tales. It would be the greatest pity if we were not to hear from her again, even if her new venue were a little less far flung.

I 'M TALKING ABOUT JERUSALEM, at the Royal Court. In a scene from the third part of Arnold Wesker's trilogy, from left are Cherry Morris as Cissie and Jessie Robins as Esther (the two aunts) and Mark Eden as Dave and Ruth Meyers as Ada, the young couple who try to put Socialist theory into practice in a lonely Norfolk cottage. *I 'm Talking About Jerusalem* ends on August 20 and then all three plays will be performed in repertory

EMERGENCY EXIT (Chatto and Windus. 16s.), by Sylvia Foot, is as warmly personal and touching a chronicle as I have read for a very long time. With her husband, Sir Hugh, and her younger son, Benjie, Lady Foot flew out to Cyprus in December 1957, when Sir Hugh was appointed Governor there. This is her story of their first year and a half on the island, most of it behind barricades and guards and with the constant presence of bitter hostility as real as a wintry blight. Lady Foot has written without literary pretension, bringing to her book instead the most feminine qualities of compassion, of delight in her family and anguish at the perpetual threat to them, of moments of welcome frivolity and of deep loyalty. I found it a most moving book and a rewardingly unorthodox glimpse of history in the making.

UNDERSTANDING RUSSIA

Three aspects of Communism

With two articles on Russia elsewhere in this issue of *The Sphere* it is a suitable time to consider new books about the Soviet Union. There is, of course, a huge library on Russian Communism, but many writers presume their readers are familiar with the works of the Fathers—Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin—and with Communist terminology. Guiseppe Boffa in INSIDE THE KHRUSCHEV ERA (Allen and Unwin. 25s.) avoids this error. He is an Italian Communist who has worked as a journalist for five years in Moscow. He is, therefore, a partisan, but he is by no means uncritical. He considers at length the impact of the Twentieth Congress in 1956 on Russian Communist development. His description of the reaction to Khrushchev's attack on Stalin on that now famous occasion is dramatic. The Twentieth Congress, Mr. Boffa believes, ushered in a new era in Soviet evolution and the Sputniks symbolise this new development. A less partial critic may wonder whether Mr. Khrushchev's present behaviour is not an indication of putting the clock back. However, the author can hardly be blamed for not anticipating events and his book will help the non-specialist to a fuller understanding of the Soviet Union.

Mr. Boffa makes no secret of his Communist outlook; J. Bernard Hutton is equally definite in his antagonism to Communism, although he was at one time a member of the Party in Prague. DANGER FROM MOSCOW (Neville Spearman. 21s.) sets out at length the under-cover tactics of Communists in capitalist and liberal countries all over the world. Documents and instructions circulated among Party leaders are quoted verbatim. Most people are presumably aware in broad outline of these Communist attempts at subversion and infiltration. Mr. Hutton fills in the details. Here is ample proof of the danger of taking " peaceful co-existence " at its face value.

Two years ago, Dr. George Mair drove by car across Europe to the Soviet Union. He was one of the first to take advantage of what was then a new opportunity offered by the Russian authorities. He relates the adventures of himself and his wife in DESTINATION MOSCOW (Herbert Jenkins. 21s.). Their experiences are often highly amusing and entertaining for, as those who know his previous books are aware, Dr. Mair has a fine sense of humour. If he pokes fun at some of the characters he meets, such as Valerie, his guide in Moscow, he is never satirical. He is primarily concerned with people, and some of his impressions are out of the normal tourist run. His visits to a hospital and a law court are examples. Few details escape him. Why, he wonders, do Russian children always seem to play in groups and under supervision. With the help of his wife he assesses the quality of goods in shops and compiles an extensive list of their prices. *Destination Moscow* contains much sound advice for those planning to follow the author's example, and all who read it are bound to enjoy it.

Now to turn from the Soviet Union to the Commonwealth. George Lamming is a West Indian writer who has chosen to live in London. Hence the title of his book THE PLEASURES OF EXILE (Michael Joseph. 21s.). He has travelled in Ghana and Nigeria and his experiences have given him some definite views about how the Commonwealth should evolve. Some of his opinions are provocative and some of the attitudes of the British, the newly-independent Africans and the West Indians are severely criticised. The style is somewhat discursive, but Mr. Lamming should help to a clearer realisation of the multitude of peoples and interests which make up the Commonwealth.

For eight years, H. David Wills has been headmaster of a school for maladjusted children at Bodenham, near Hereford. Maladjusted children can be defined as difficult or backward, but they are not educationally sub-normal. Mr. Wills describes his methods in THROW AWAY THY ROD (Gollancz. 18s.). It might be thought that such a book would appeal only to specialists. However, since the maladjustments arise often through wrong emotional relationships between child and parents, Mr. Wills has much to say which can be studied to advantage by all who have dealings with children, normal or otherwise.

C. D.

One of the least explicable ways of earning a living has always seemed to me to be professional lecturing but, because it takes all sorts to make a world and so on, there are people, particularly in the United States, who freely choose this as a career and stump the country in conditions of rather chancy comfort, climbing on and off platforms and appealing with more or less success to varying audiences. Mrs. Emily Kimbrough, for instance, specialises in speaking to those formidable bodies, women's clubs, and her volume of reminiscences on the subject is surely more hilarious than the reality warrants. The important thing for the reader is that *she* has found it more often funny than not, and her book, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE . . . (Heinemann. 18s.), certainly provides some agreeably amusing pages. With Cornelia Otis Skinner, Mrs. Kimbrough some time ago wrote *Their Hearts Were Young and Gay*, which was as delightful as its title, and her quick appreciation of the comic or the absurd is as lively as ever in the present book.

A KIND OF LOVING (Michael Joseph. 16s.) is such a good novel and so very much more than merely competent that it seems odd that progress should have been, as we are told, so slow for the writing of Mr. Stan Barstow. With this West Riding story, however, success should really begin to smile on a new and particularl promising writer, who is himself the son of a West Riding miner and knows the Yorkshire scene of which he writes intimately. Mr. Barstow's theme is a young man's infatuation for a girl whom he recognises that he does not wholly love. The physical aspect of his feeling is plain enough, but he is an idealist in love as in other sides of life and he has a standard of visionary perfection before him. Between this and the compromises that everyday existence require he sees a gulf wide enough to make him despair. At length, simply and sensitively, he finds his way towards a situation in which the future can be faced. " We might find a kind of loving to carry us through," he decides finally, and that is at once the essence and the solution of his problem. To borrow from the writer above, it gives me great pleasure sincerely to recommend this novel to you.

THE BRIAR PATCH (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) is the first novel with a contemporary scene that Charity Blackstock has written and it has a considerable impact. It is notable, too, for the fact that it is not only set in France, in a town about forty-five minutes from the centre of Paris, but is essentially French in mood and in everything but expression. This, when one considers the disparity of an English and a French point of view, is a very bright achievement indeed. The focal-point of the story is a *place* on one side of which is a finishing school for English girls and on the other a hostel for Jewish boys all of whom have been in concentration camps. The period is about four years after the war. Both Miss Pelham, from her conventional angle, and M. Wolff, from his more profound view of life, agree upon one thing. Their charges are not to meet and certainly not to make friends. When the inevitable happens and a gifted, artistic English girl falls in love with a fiercely solitary Jewish boy the result is disastrous and Charity Blackstock has written of the calamity and its more hopeful aftermath with great good sense and wonderful sensitivity.

The cult for the novels of Mr. John Cowper Powys is not one that I share, and therefore I can only, in honesty, report on his new book, ALL OR NOTHING (Macdonald. 16s.), that it is set in the village of Foghorn, " which may be somewhere on the borders of either Somerset or of Brobdingnag," and that it is written in Mr. Powys' inimitable style of magic, whimsy, inspiration, earthiness and fantasy, lightened by that intense optimism which must be one of this writer's most heartening characteristics.

Vernon Fane

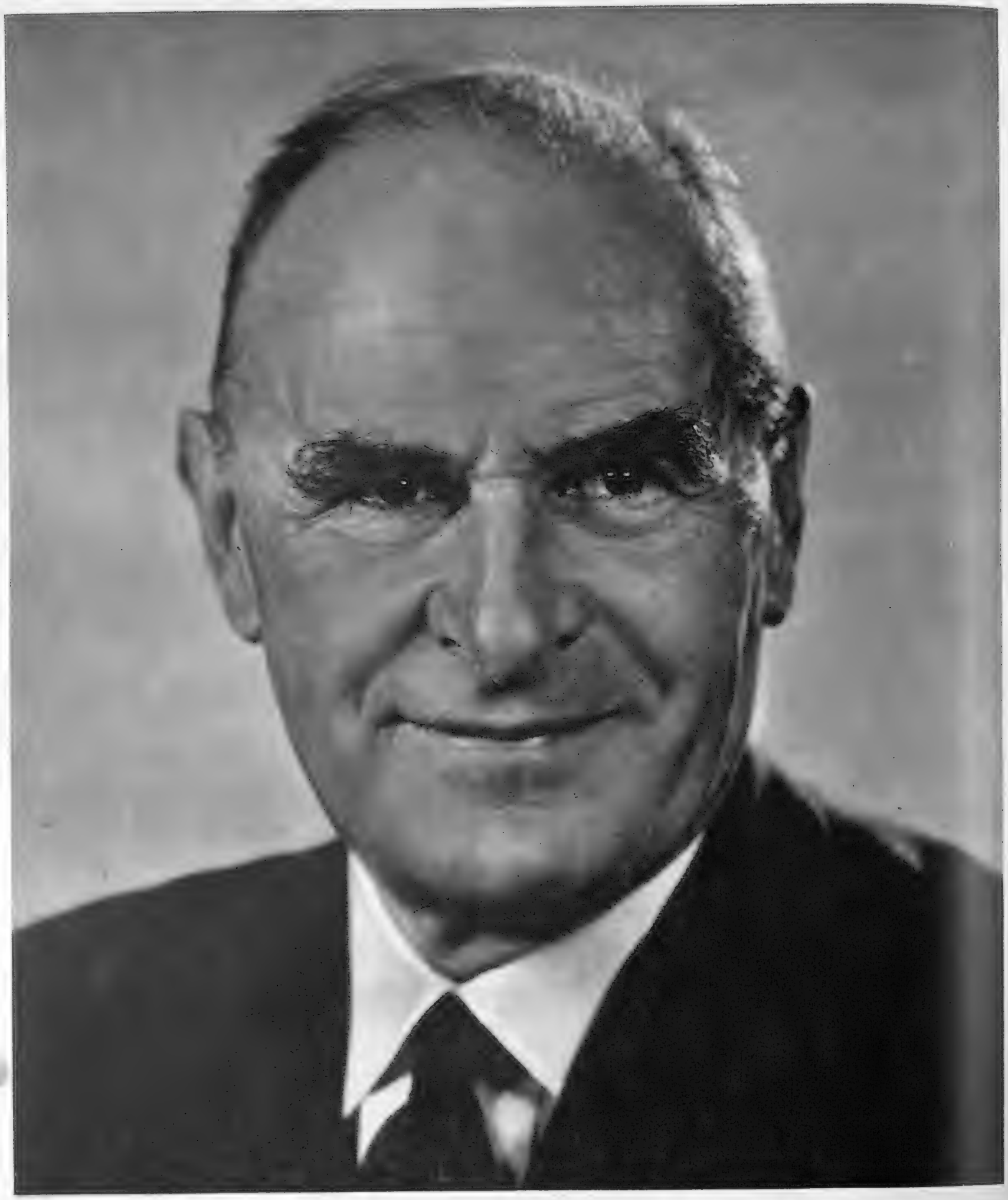
Fighting for Troy on the sand arena. Extreme left is Eric Porter as Ulysses

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

at Stratford-upon-Avon

Shakespeare's bitter comedy of the futility of war is the fifth of the season's plays at the Memorial Theatre. The production, by Peter Hall and John Barton, has aroused much controversy over the use of a bare stage, with an arena of sand, on which all the action takes place, and an abstract back-cloth by Leslie Hurry. The producers have found more humour than usual in this complex play. By all accounts Dorothy Tutin as the false Cressida gives a magnificent performance—a study of a young girl learning how to be a second Helen.

Dorothy Tutin as Cressida, Max Adrian as Pandarus and Denholm Elliott as Troilus



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Sir Harry Pilkington

The chairman of Pilkington Brothers Limited, Sir Harry Pilkington is the head of the most famous firm in British glass making: in fact, the Lancashire firm are the largest glass manufacturers in the Commonwealth. But the chairman is becoming as famous in other fields. Recently, five months after completing his term as chairman of the Royal Commission on doctors' and dentists' pay, he was appointed the head of the Government's sweeping inquiry into the future of radio and television. Sir Harry was born at St. Helens in 1905, at Eccleston Grange (which has now become the analytical laboratory of the firm). He is a great grandson of Richard Pilkington, who with his brother William founded the firm in 1826, and lives at Windle Hall, a house which has been in the family since before that time. In the tradition which the Pilkington family has carried on in St. Helens for 150 years, Sir Harry is interested in social work, particularly the field of education. He joined Pilkingtons in 1927, becoming a full director in 1934 and chairman in 1949. (By then, Chance Brothers Ltd., the only other major flat glass producer in Britain, had become part of the organisation.) During the period of his chairmanship, the firm has vastly increased its exports, from £7,000,000 in 1950 to £12,500,000 in 1959, and expanded enormously in the Commonwealth. In 1959, Pilkingtons announced a radically new product, called float glass. They have sold over 10,000,000 sq. ft. of it. The idea for the process came from Mr. Alastair Pilkington, Sir Harry's distant cousin and one of the firm's technical directors. A man of great energy, who spends much of his time travelling, Sir Harry Pilkington holds among other highly important commercial and industrial posts, a directorship of the Bank of England and is a past president of the Federation of British Industries. He has three children, and is a rose enthusiast and tennis player.

BATTLE OF THE TELEPHONE BIDS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

One of the points made by Mr. C. O. Stanley of Pye to a press conference at a crucial point in his struggle to gain control of the Telephone Manufacturing Company was that, while the Post Office in partnership with the existing manufacturers had developed what is believed to be an extremely fine fully electronic telephone exchange at the research station at Dollis Hill, none is yet working in ordinary practice in the British telephone system. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Stanley, "that device you see in the corner is a small, practical electronic telephone exchange designed and built by Pye telecommunications engineers. Perhaps you would like to telephone your stories back to your newspapers over it."

One has to allow for a certain degree of rhodomontade in Mr. Stanley's flair for publicity; his opponents in the Temco battle of the bids would put a very different flavour on the whole interpretation of the argument about electronic exchanges. Regardless of where the right lies on particular questions like this—which the outsider is certainly in no position to judge—his gesture epitomised the whole of Mr. Stanley's "case" for breaking his way into the manufacture of telephone equipment in Britain. Is this an industry where development and co-operation have become altogether too orderly, and the intrusion of a thrusting newcomer from outside will be a good thing? The thrusting newcomer, at all events, is now inside what he calls "the ring." We have yet to witness any discernible changes resulting from his intrusion. But the conduct of this take-over battle has displayed some rather new kinds of manœuvre for such bidders, as well as calling into question the whole relationship between a government department, the dominant buyer in a business such as this, and its suppliers.

From the moment that the consortium of seven existing makers of telephones (Associated Electrical Industries, Automatic Telephone and Electric Company, Ericsson Telephones, General Electric Company, Marconi's Wireless Telegraph, Plessey, and Standard Telephones and Cables) stepped in with a joint bid to oppose Mr. Stanley's original offer for the Telephone Manufacturing Company, this encounter began to be publicly argued in very different terms from those of most such struggles in the City. It was not the first such defensive move by established manufacturers in an industry in an attempt to exclude a newcomer. But apart from the arguments about managerial performance, real worth of the company in dispute, and possibilities of growth unrealised in the existing set-up, Mr. Stanley immediately took his claims on to a different plane—attacking the co-operative arrangements within this industry, linked with its special relationship with the Post Office, as tending to hamper the technical progressiveness that he believed can readily be accelerated.

Whenever any government department is the dominant customer for any kind of goods, particularly when this arises from a statutory monopoly such as the Post Office possesses over the ordinary telephone system in this country, specialised arrangements are likely to be arrived at between it and the suppliers; this industry would argue that the "bulk supply agreements" between the Post Office and the existing manufacturers are simply sensible rather than sinister, and Mr. J. R. Bevins, the Postmaster-General, has in the last few weeks been saying the same in Parliament.

In their eyes, the sharing out of orders for telephone equipment derives quite naturally from the pooling of research. Britain has a single, largely standardised telephone system; this monopoly customer is itself technically expert, with considerable initiative in deciding the directions in which it wants technical development to take place. In such circumstances, competitive research in which two makers might vie with one another in developing some particular refinement in telecommunications equipment, only to find that the Post Office was thinking along different lines and might eventually choose neither, could become a kind of independence that cost more than it was worth.

At present, therefore, both at the telecommunications research station at Dollis Hill and in the manufacturers' own research departments, the development of new equipment goes forward under a pooled and co-operative programme. When it comes to manufacture of equipment, orders appear to be allotted to manufacturers under this bulk supply by agreement among them. But the Post Office is perfectly satisfied that this arrangement does not lead to any rigging of prices against it; in any case, it reserves the right to buy from manufacturers outside the agreement if it wants to, and occasionally does so. In setting prices, it has the benefit of a very elaborate and searching investigation of actual costs; whoever makes the actual equipment, the G.P.O. pays on a basis of the lowest costs ascertained for such work for any manufacturer that it has chosen to inspect. These purchasing arrangements, Mr. Bevins recently told the House of Commons, have been referred to the Committee on Public Accounts in 1954 and in 1957; on neither occasion did the committee make any adverse comment on them.

Mr. Stanley, however, chose to criticise such arrangements in the light of post-war legislation against monopoly and restrictive practices in industry—which is a kind of argument that has long been common in the United States, but which businessmen in this country, so far, have for the most part been chary of using. In general, British businessmen are none too happy about this legislation themselves and none too sure that it may not at some time be used fairly or unfairly against them; it is most unusual for one to quote it against another. But Mr. Stanley asked the President of the Board of Trade, and M.P.s from both sides of the House echoed him, whether the industry's arrangements deserved reference to the Register of Restrictive Practices or the Monopolies Commission. The answer was no, from the Board of Trade; the bulk supply agreement, because the Government is a party to it, appears to be excluded from the rules regarding agreements restricting trade in any way (though some other agreements between the companies concerned, it appears, are on this register). Nor had the Board any reason to believe that a third or more of this particular trade was in the hands of any particular company: so it saw no reason to have the business investigated by the Monopolies Commission.

From the outside, the British telephone subscriber—and would-be subscriber—may find it difficult to form an opinion about the virtues of this dispute, or indeed whether it really affects him at all. Nobody much likes a ring; on the other hand, there is perhaps not as much enthusiasm for competition *à l'outrance* in Britain, even in theory, as say in the United States. The consortium of seven companies, after failing to secure its Telephone Manufacturing Company against Mr. Pye's successful bid for control, quickly bought up the majority interest in another small company, Phœnix Telephones. They have always argued bluntly that there is excess capacity in this industry, and that really sharp competition could reduce prices for the monopoly customer only at the expense of profit margins in all the companies, which are already not high.

People who have been waiting a long time for a telephone may raise their eyebrows when told that the business has some capacity idle: on the other hand, waiting lists have come down, and it is actually more often lack of room on exchanges or of labour to fit the connections that delays matters. Radical re-equipment of Britain's telephone system, with a large amount of "subscriber trunk dialling," is already in train—none too soon—and there are limits to the amount of public money that taxpayers want to see invested in the Post Office.

Mr. Stanley has charged, perhaps fairly, that Britain has hardly led the world with any significant innovation in telephone practice during recent years, and that other advanced countries have made the running. He has compared the industry's exports, worth some £25,000,000 a year, with the total capital spending of the Post Office, just under £100,000,000 a year on all sorts of things; the consortium, more reasonably, have said that their exports of equipment sold abroad represents about 40 per cent. of their total output. At all events, Mr. Stanley, controlling Temco, is now in what he still calls "the ring"; he says he intends to make whatever use he can of this membership to get a share of the business for the present, though he still dislikes the principle of allocating the market in this way. The encounter has served as a reminder that no industry can be run on the lines of a select club, with obstreperous newcomers being black-balled; and perhaps that government departments whose business dominates particular industries must remain very careful of how their buying policies affect commercial liveliness in these industries. But it has not yet, by any means, demonstrated that Pye's forcible entry will bring about real change in this industry—for better or for worse.

At work in the selector and relay assembly bay of the Telephone Division of Standard Telephones and Cables Ltd. at New Southgate, London

THE LARGEST PASSENGER LINER ever to call at the Port of London arrived at Tilbury last week. She was the Holland-America Line flagship *Rotterdam*, and she called at London to pick up British passengers for a four-day summer cruise. The £13,000,000 liner is the largest to be built in the Netherlands, and is unusual in that she has no funnels. Instead of them she has two smoke stacks aft. The *Rotterdam* was launched in September 1958, and made her maiden voyage a year later. She can carry over 1,400 passengers in first and tourist classes

THE R.M.S. *NEWFOUNDLAND*, a 7,437-ton Furness Warren liner (managers Furness Withy and Co. Ltd.), was the first vessel to enter the new dry dock of Grayson, Rollo and Clover Docks Ltd.'s ship repairing yard at Birkenhead. The dock, costing £1,425,000, is nearly complete. It measures 800 ft. by 120 ft.

PASSENGER AND CARGO

Left: THE *TRANSVAAL CASTLE*, SISTER SHIP TO THE NEW *WINDSOR CASTLE*, is the first Union-Castle Line ship to be fitted with this new type of bulbous bow. The *Transvaal Castle* is being built at Glasgow, by John Brown and Company Limited, and is scheduled to be launched in January next year. She will be a one-class liner capable of carrying about 750 passengers, who will be able to choose their own cabins. Four hundred and fifty of the cabins will have bathrooms attached. When complete the *Transvaal Castle* will have a tonnage of about 33,000, of which the bow section seen here weighs about 40 tons

THE LUXURY FRENCH LINER S.S. *FRANCE* enters the Joubert Dock at St. Nazaire for dry-docking so that the equipment used for her launching in May can be removed. These were the cradle, poppets, and two 300-ton caissons. At the same time the propeller shafts and rudder were being replaced and the hull painted again. The *France*, the longest liner in the world, is being completed at St. Nazaire for the Havre/Southampton/New York service of the French Line. Her maiden voyage is expected early in 1962

Right: AT SEA ON HER TRIALS, before being handed over to her owners, is the large oil tanker, the *William Wheelwright*. She was built at Belfast by Harland and Wolff Ltd. for The Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Harland and Wolff built a motor-driven cargo vessel for the same owners last year and they are also building another large tanker, the *George Peacock*, for them. A single screw turbine oil tanker, the *William Wheelwright* is 715 ft. long with a deadweight of approximately 47,200 tons. She is of normal tanker design, with machinery placed aft. A considerable amount of welding has been used in the construction

THE M.V. *ICENIC* IS LAUNCHED at the Belfast shipyard of Harland and Wolff Ltd. She is a refrigerated cargo liner built for Shaw Savill and Albion Co. Ltd. The naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Ormond, wife of Mr. J. D. Ormond, chairman of the New Zealand Meat Producers' Board. About 510 ft. long, the *Icenic* has a gross tonnage of 11,350 tons. There are six main cargo holds, designed to carry chilled meat and frozen and general cargo

A cabin cruiser of the Broadland Owners' Association passes through the bascules of the new bridge over the New Cut artificial waterway near Great Yarmouth, on the Norfolk Broads. The new bridge, which is being built at a cost of about £100,000, will replace the old hand-operated bascule bridge nearby. The three spans of the large steel and concrete bridge will eliminate the need for traffic to use the old toll bridge, and will also carry traffic across the railway. (The level-crossing, which is the present means of taking traffic over the railway, is used by some 4,000 vehicles a day.) The new bridge, which is 36 ft. wide, will have a 24 ft. carriageway, and two 6 ft. verges. The main contractors are A. Monk and Company Limited, and work should end late next year

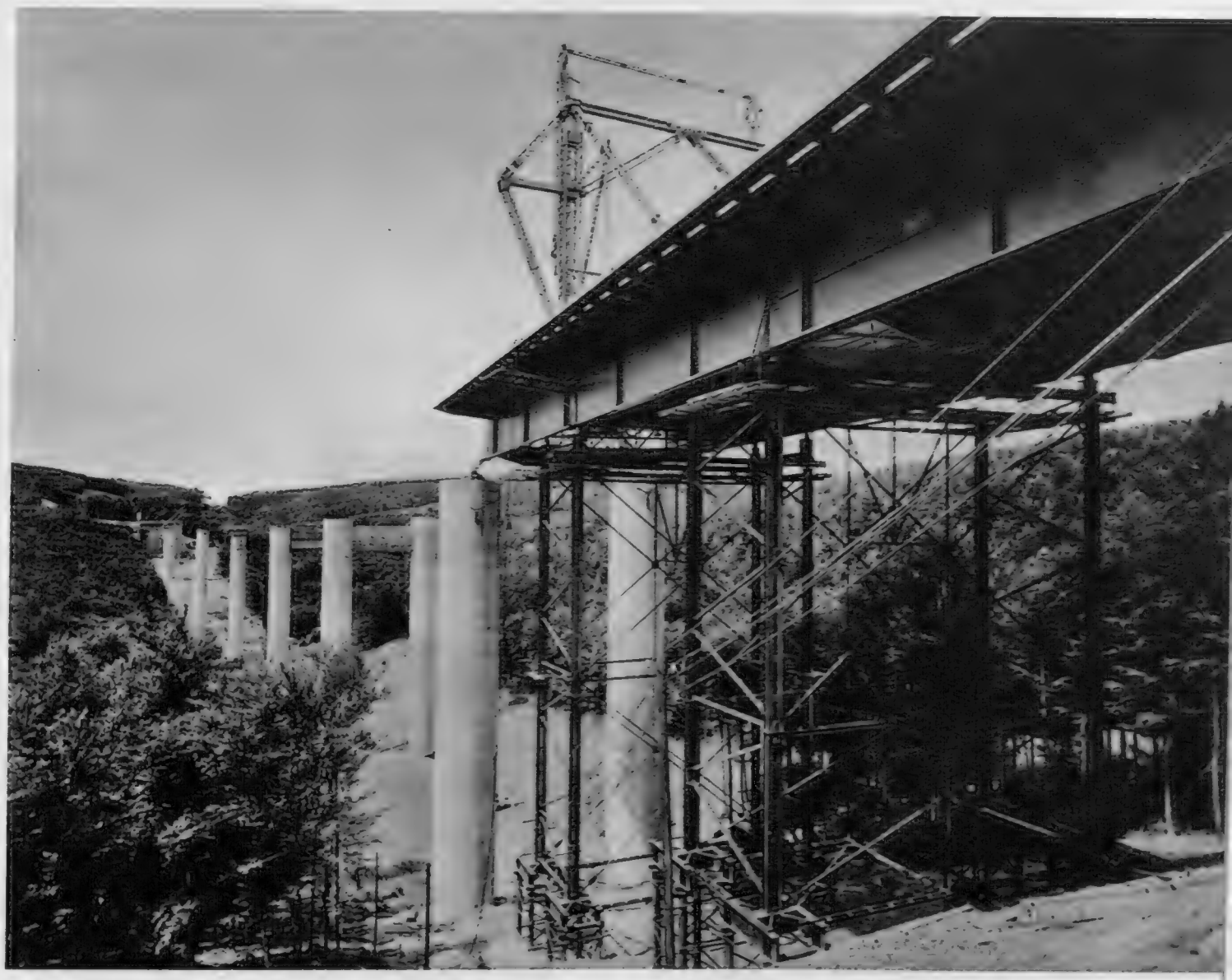
BUILDING BRIDGES IN EUROPE

In Amsterdam there are about 300 bridges over the numerous canals which are the prominent feature of the "Venice of the North." Here a new bridge is being constructed on the site of an old one. It is the new Hortus Bridge, a single-bascule bridge, which is being built in steel and concrete over the Nieuwe Herengracht canal. The facing of the canal-side walls and quays is finished in attractive stonework, which relieves the stark utility of the modern bridge. The bascule works on the same principle as a drawbridge

Above:

Work proceeds on the new bridge carrying the Maidstone by-pass over the River Medway, after the four pre-cast concrete and steel spans had been rolled into position. They are believed to be the biggest such spans to be made and erected in this way, are 83 ft. in length and weigh 165 tons. The main contractors for the bridge, designed by Scott and Wilson, Kirkpatrick and Partners, are Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons Ltd. Over 320 ft. long, the bridge is due to be completed in the autumn

A new road bridge over the Mersey is fast taking shape. Cranes perched on the two halves of the steel girder arch help in the construction of the 1,082 ft. span. From the Cheshire side of the Mersey can be seen the progress on the Widness-Runcorn high-level road bridge. Extreme left is the existing road bridge and right the transporter bridge due to be demolished when the new structure is completed. The high tower (foreground) acts as an anchor for the steel cables taking the strain as the span is increased. The main contractors for the road bridge, which it is estimated will cost about £3,000,000, are Dorman Long (Bridges and Engineering) Ltd.



At Rohrbrunn in Southern Germany, the columns to support the autobahn from Würzburg to Frankfurt-on-Main are already in position. The 1,000-ft.-long bridge will carry the roadway above the treetops of the wide valley. Some of the columns are 130 ft. high. This section of the autobahn is due to be opened in October. In the last few years, a vast amount of work has been done on improving West Germany's modern, efficient road system

MOTORING

A BIGGER "BEETLE"?

Ferrying cars from Dover; two pedals or three? and other motoring information

By **Courtenay Edwards**

The German Volkswagen still makes news in spite of the fact that it looks very much like it did when it first appeared in 1939. The long-drawn-out wrangle about the company's future has now been settled and last month it became a joint stock company. The German Federal Government and the State of Lower Saxony (in which the Volkswagen town of Wolfsburg is situated) will both retain 20 per cent. of the share capital and the remaining 60 per cent. is being offered to the general public with a careful limitation of voting rights. VW employees will be given special opportunities for buying shares and priority will next be given the low- and medium-income groups.

According to my latest information Volkswagen production has reached a total of 3,100 cars a day and is likely to pass the 4,000 mark before the year's end. This organisation is by far the largest vehicle producer in Germany. Rumours persist that next year Dr. Heinz Nordhoff, the VW chief, will be announcing a new, bigger model. Meanwhile improvements have been announced, without price increase, to the familiar, beetle-shaped model we know so well and which is maintaining its share of the U.S. market better than any other imported make; and this when sales of the new American compact cars are seriously affecting demand for most British and Continental saloons marketed in the U.S.

The VW's flat four, air-cooled engine has been redesigned and now gives 40 brake horse-power at 3,900 r.p.m. compared with 36 at 3,700. Top speed has been increased from 68 to 72 m.p.h. (72 to 75 in the case of the Karmann Ghia model) and the de luxe saloon (£716 10s. including tax) now accelerates from zero to 50 m.p.h. in 18 instead of 21 seconds. A petrol consumption figure of 37 m.p.g. is claimed. Among the engine modifications are a redesigned combustion chamber and improved valve mechanism. The compression ratio has been raised from 6.6 to 7. By redesigning the fuel tank under the front "bonnet" luggage space has been almost doubled. The VW now has screen washers, flashing indicators, synchromesh on all four gears, automatic ignition control and an automatic choke.

While there is much talk about a Channel Tunnel, the rival merits of a Channel Bridge and the prospects of hovercraft services flying low over the waves between Britain and France with huge loads of cars, the port of Dover goes steadily ahead with the task of sending to and fro across the Straits enormous numbers of tourists' cars and other holiday vehicles; and smaller numbers of unaccompanied cars exported from Britain to the Continent or vice versa. I happened to be in Dover on a July Saturday which proved to be the busiest 24 hours in the whole history of its car ferrying activities. I was shown round the Harbour Board's well-planned car ferry terminal at the eastern dock by Mr. Cecil Byford, the Board's general manager for the past twenty-two years, and came away most impressed by the smooth efficiency with which vast numbers of cars, coaches, caravans, motor-cycles, scooters—yes, and people—were handled.

On that busy Saturday 4,066 vehicles passed through the port, in or out; plus 31,596 passengers, including 13,319 who travelled with the vehicles. Outward bound went 2,754 accompanied vehicles, including 2,281 cars. The number of vehicles brought to Dover that day from the Continent was 1,312, including 1,151 cars. For the first time the car ferry vessels of Britain, France and Belgium maintained a shuttle service all round the clock. Three of them—Britain's *Maid of Kent* and *Lord Warden* and France's *Compiègne*—each operated four services. Altogether there were sixteen outward and fifteen inward services dealt with at the car ferry terminal, which by night and by day presented an appearance of unprecedented animation with its crowded reception car park, busy "Merry Dolphin" restaurant, well-patronised petrol filling station, teeming offices (including those of the A.A. and R.A.C.) and spacious Customs Hall.

In spite of the controversial plans for a tunnel, the Dover Harbour Board is already considering the provision of two more berths at the eastern dock at a cost of about £2,000,000 and has been studying for months a scale model of Dover harbour which has special mechanism to simulate wave conditions from whatever direction the wind is supposed to be blowing. The Harbour Board does not fear opposition but it would like to know as soon as possible whether there IS going to be a tunnel or bridge—or neither.

I was discussing the other day with the sales manager of one of Britain's Big Six car firms the question: do motorists who can only afford cars in the £700 to £900 price bracket want automatic transmission? He admitted that the automatic gearbox designed by S. Smith and Sons (England) Ltd. and which is now available on the Rootes Group Hillman Minx and Singer Gazelle models—in this case it is known as Easidrive—is a practical proposition and has proved itself. "But," he said, "it costs about £125 extra and that is a lot of money in relation to a normal list price of £800. When you are able to pay around £1,500 for a car like the Jaguar or Humber Super Snipe it's a different matter. The cost of automatic transmission on cars of this type is an appreciably smaller percentage of the whole and in any case such cars are bought by motorists who don't have to look closely at every pound they spend. My own view is that until two-pedal control can be offered much more cheaply it will never become really popular on 1½-litre family saloons."

I think he is right, and that the adoption of automatic transmission for low-priced cars will be a gradual business. It is a process which may be greatly accelerated when Borg-Warner bring out a "junior" version of the robot gearbox used to-day by so many of Britain's big and medium-sized cars. This gearbox is being developed by the parent company in the U.S. It uses a fluid coupling and epicyclic gears. In contrast, the Easidrive system uses a more or less normal three-speed synchromesh gearbox in conjunction with a pair of electro-magnetic clutches employing a metallic powder which "freezes" solid to transmit power from the gearbox to the rear wheels. One clutch provides a direct drive for top gear. The other controls the constant-mesh second and top ratios, with a free-wheel device to enable the bottom gear to be over-run when the second ratio is in use. A "magic" box studies road speed and throttle opening and engages the appropriate gear. I have been trying out the Easidrive system on a Singer Gazelle and found it a valuable refinement in a car which is already widely regarded as Britain's lowest-priced luxury car. (It costs only £973 even with automatic transmission.)

The Tempest and (right) the Thunderbolt—two new sports models by Tornado Cars, Ltd.

Briefly . . . . Tornado Cars, Ltd., of Rickmansworth, Herts, recently demonstrated two new sports models: the 1,000-c.c. Tempest and the 2-litre Thunderbolt. They are available with two seats or four, there is a choice of engine and prices range from £655 for the cheapest build-it-yourself version of the 87 m.p.h. Tempest to £1,665 for the four-seat, 100 m.p.h. Thunderbolt . . . . The R.A.C. has acquired the lease of Lansdowne House, a new, twelve-storey office block at Croydon, to house its administrative staff, at present scattered about the West End in various offices. The famous clubhouse and the touring and advisory services for associate members will remain in Pall Mall . . . . Associated with the French Relais Routiers I praised recently is an organisation known as Les Amis des Routiers (Friends of the Lorry Drivers). It publishes a guide which lists 4,500 Relais Routiers in France and other countries where a good three-course meal, with wine, may be had for 7s. 6d. or less. Anyone can join "Les Amis" for an annual subscription of £2 which includes the cost of the guide. . . .

In our motoring notes last week, tax on the Austin A99 Westminster was given as £810. Correct figures are: total cost £1,148 12s. 6d.; basic cost £810.

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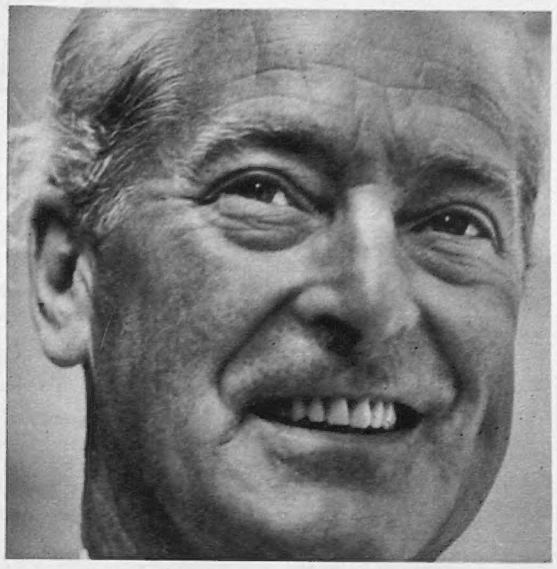
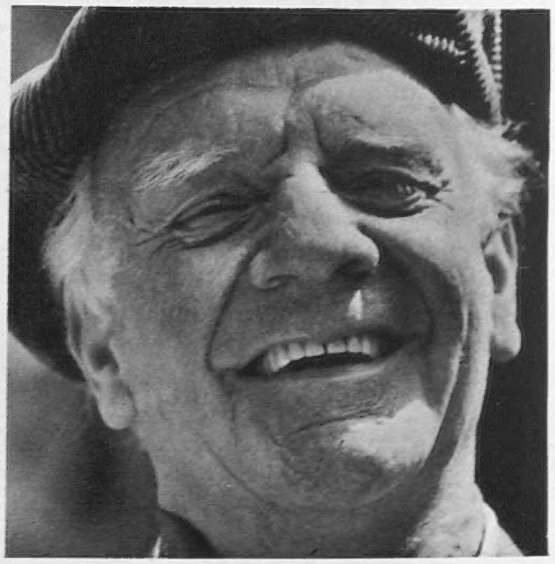


Tours for globetrotters

Visas for visitors

Currency for financiers

Trips for typists



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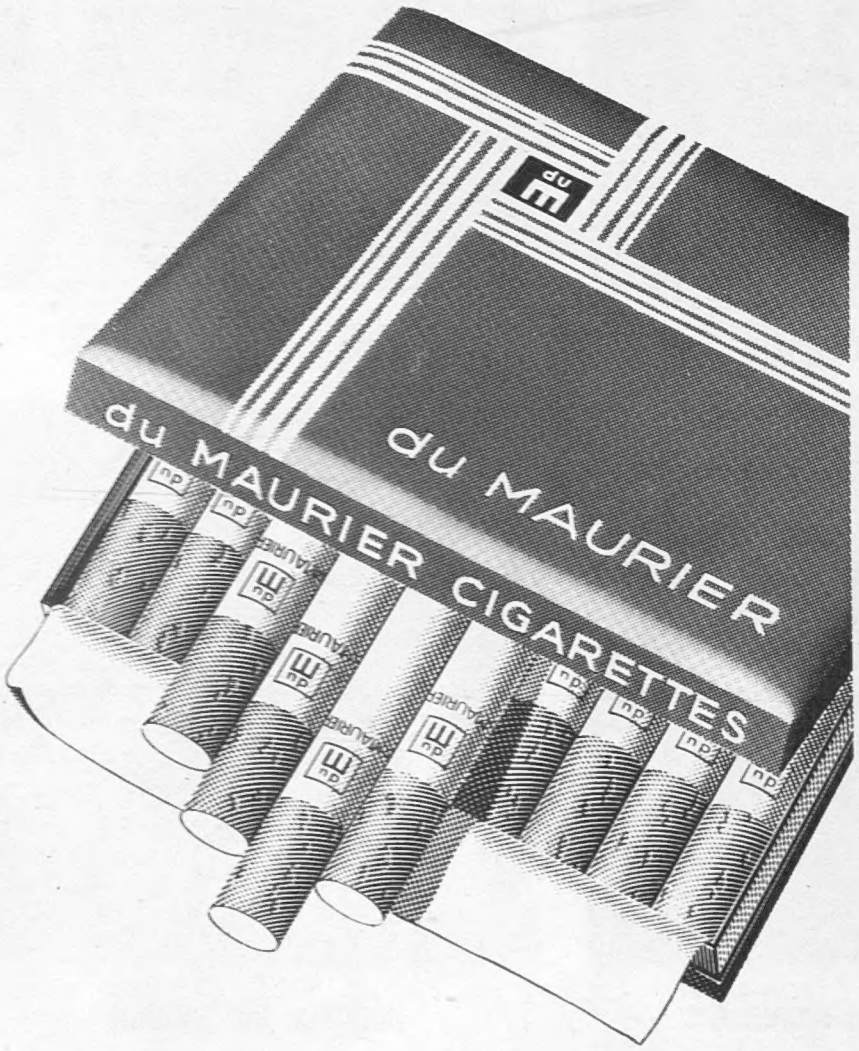

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK. With present-day ease of travel—cars, scooters, coaches and trains—how difficult it is to get off the beaten track where for a few days one can escape from the stresses and strain of everyday life.

Yet there are such hideaways at the end of the road and not necessarily on the edge of the beyond.

One day in June last my wife turned off the traffic-infested Dover/Deal/Thanet road for St. Margaret's Bay. Almost immediately the sound and the fury were left behind and within a couple of miles or so we came to the straggling village street of St. Margaret-at-Cliffe. Shortly after we turned left down Granville Road, which brought us to our goal, *The Granville Hotel*, perfectly poised 400 ft. high above St. Margaret's Bay.

Sheltered from the north and north-east, in a rich oasis of flowering shrubs and pines, there is no clue to its beauteous position until one steps inside its terrace bar, restaurant or, better still, one's sea-view bedroom.

We frankly do not know of any finer view on the South Coast. The panorama of seascape is picturesquely broken by a majestic "outpost" of the "white cliffs of Dover" falling sheer to the water edge. To port and starboard, one views by day and night a constant kaleidoscope of shipping, cross-Channel steamers, tankers, tramps and last, but by no means least, ocean-going liners, which on certain tides come so close inshore that the strains of the ships' orchestra dance over the waves.

With such a sheltered, sunny and spectacular position one could forgive any hotel imperfections, but under the able and experienced ownership of Mr. and Mrs. C. Graeme Horspool, we found much to praise. Entering, we were quick to notice the shipshape polish of entrance hall, corridors and cloakrooms. The two lounges (television in one), dining-room and terrace bar were all appropriately furnished in keeping with their requirements, and from the meals we sampled it was clear that experience was behind the scenes in kitchen and cellar.

Though one's first reaction on settling down in the *Granville* may be to eat, sleep and sit fascinated by passing shipping, those brimful of energy will not find St. Margaret's Bay a base lacking in possibilities. Bathing, boating, sea fishing, riding and cliff walks are some of the items on the daily bill of fare, while golfers are in clover, being able to choose from Kingsdown, Sandwich, Royal St. George's and Princes, and the Royal Cinque Ports course at Deal.

Off the beaten track? Not really, for London is 77 miles (good train service from Martin Mill), Dover is 5 miles and Deal 6.

Tucked away in South Devon is *Bovey House*, Beer, which should delight all lovers of an historic background, furnishings in character, a relaxed atmosphere and modern comforts.

Bovey House certainly has its roots deeply bedded in history. Reputed to have been built in the twelfth century, it belonged to the Abbots of Sherborne until the dissolution of the monasteries; and then became part of Catharine Parr's fortune. Yet it is with the present, in its role of an hotel, that we are mainly concerned.

The house has been well preserved and within will be found beautiful rooms charmingly furnished and a notable ceiling in the King Charles' Room.

The owners, Miss S. M. Turner and Mrs. Bone, Canadians, have taken the greatest care in bringing the old house up to date in regard to comfort. Thus central heating runs throughout, bedrooms are comfortable and most have bath and c.

The cooking is appetising country fare and served by neat country staff.

Those who are still forced to take their holidays in the height of the holiday season will be well advised to consider an inland centre such as Chagford, which is well located for Devon as a whole. I have previously mentioned in these columns two of my recommendations, *Gidleigh Park* and *Easton Court Hotels* on the outskirts (details on request), but this week I would like to draw attention to two others, the one in the small market square and the other but a stone's throw down the hill.

To capture the atmosphere of this tiny Devon town one should stay there, and what better spot could one choose from an historic, gastronomical or sociable standpoint than the *Three Crowns*, where Mr. and Mrs. C. E. (Toby) Moy, their Great Dane, Michael, and Joe, a loquacious parrot, form a most friendly quartet.

Above stairs are ten modernly equipped bedrooms, well above the average for an inn. We slept on one occasion in the Abbot's Room and fell asleep, to the music of the bar below, in a most comfortable four-poster bed. An added touch which appealed to my wife was the provision of a jar of soap flakes for washing nylons.

To really appreciate this inn one must be of the type who prefers the sociability of the Long Bar to the seclusion of Residents Lounge. Either this or the cocktail lounge are the correct places to repair prior to lunch or dinner in the *banquette*-fitted restaurant. Here cooking, cellar and presentation are of a high order.

If, however, you prefer the quietude of an unlicensed hotel, I would direct you to *Greenacres*—a substantial-looking white-faced house situated on the Kestor Rock road only 200 yards from the village square.

Facing south and standing on the sheltered hillside, one can watch from its fresh and inviting interior the ever-changing light and shade on Kestor and the surrounding moorland.

Greenacres was acquired in 1960 by a Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Fletcher. The latter, if we may be permitted to say so, is not only charming and attractive, but essentially practical. She realises the importance of supplementing the delight of the countryside by bright bedrooms, most comfortable mattresses, warmth when needed and, throughout the year, interesting and honest English fare (Mrs. Fletcher herself making all sweets and cakes).

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LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
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